

THE FIRST AND

[7.]

Second partes of King Edward
the Fourth.

CONTAINING

His mery pastime with the Tanner
of Tamworth, as also his loue to faire Mistrisse
Shoare, her great promotion, fall and miserie,
and lastly the lamentable death of both her
and her husband.

Likewise the besieging of London, by the
Bastard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of
the same by the Lord Maior and the
Cittizens.

As it hath diuers times beene publikey played by the Right Ho-
norable the Earle of Derby his seruants.



Printed at London by F. K. for Humfrey
Lownes and Iohn Oxenbridge. 1600.

THE FIRST AID

TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED

IN THE FIELD

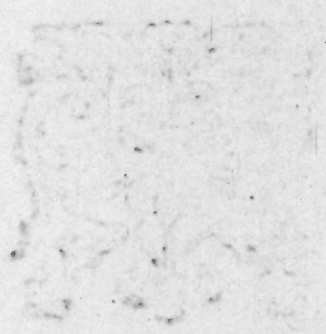
OF THE ARMY

AND THE NAVY

AND THE AIR FORCE

AND THE MARINE CORPS

AND THE COAST GUARD





THE
FIRST AND SECOND
partes of King Edward the fourth.
Contayning his merrie pastime with the Tan-
ner of Tamwoorth, as also his loue to fayre Mi-
stresse Shoare, her great promotion, fall and miserie,
and lastly the lamentable death of both her
and her husband.

Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke, the Queene,
the Lord Howard, and sir Thomas Sellinger.

Dutcheffe.

Sonne, I tell ye you haue done you know not what :
King. I haue married a woman, else I am deceiued
mother.

Dutch. Married a woman? married indeed,
Here is a marriage that befits a King:
It is no maruaile it was done in haste,
Here is a Bridall and with hell to boote,
You haue made worke :

King. Faith mother some we haue indeed, but ere long you
shall see vs make worke for an heire apparant I doubt not,
nay, nay, come, come, Gods will what chiding still:

Dutch. O God that ere I lunde to see this day.

King. By my faith mother, I hope you shal see the night too,
and in the morning I wil be bold to bid you to the Christning
Grandmother, and Godmother to a Prince of Welles, tut
mother, tis a stirring world.

Dutch. Haue you sent Warwicke into France for this?

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King. So by my faith mother I sent Warwicke into France for another, but this by chance being nearer hand, and coming in the way I cannot tell how, we concluded, and now (as you see) are going about to get a young King.

Dorch. But tell me sonne how will you answer this? If possible your rash vnlawfull act, Should not breed mortall hate betwixt the Realmes: What may the French King thinke when he shall heare That whilst you send to entreat about his daughter, Basely to take a subiect of your owne? What may the Princesse Bona thinke of this? Our noble Cousin Warwicke that great Lord, That Center-shaking thunderclap of warre, That like a Colun propt the house of Yorke: And boare our white Rose brauely in his top, When he shall heare his embassage abused, In this but made an instrument by you, I know his soule will blush within his bosome, And shame will sit in Scarlet on his Brew, To haue his honour toucht with this soule blemish Some, sonne I tell you that is done by you, Which yet the child that is vnborne shall rue.

King. Tully mother you are deceiue, all true subiectes shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their King borne of a true English woman, I tell you it was neuer well since we matched with strangers, so our children haue bene still like Chickens of the halfe kind but where the cocke and the hen be both of one breede, there is like to be birdes of the game: heare you mother, heare you, had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your sonnes George and Dicke to haue stood gaping after the crowne: this wench mother is a widow, and hath made proofe of her valour, and for any thing I know, I am as like to do the deed as John Gray her husband was, I had rather the people praied to blesse mine heire, then sende me an heire: hold your peace, if you can see, there was neuer mother had a towarde sonne, why Cousin Howard and

Tom

King Edward the fourth.

Tom Sellinger heard you euer such a cople about a wife?

How. My soueraigne Lord with patience beare her spleene
Your princely mothers zeale is like a river,
That from the free abundance of the waters,
Breakes out into this inundation,
From her abundant care this rage proceeds,
D'er swolne with the extremitie of lone.

Sel. My Lord, my Lord, auoid a womans humo?,
If you resist this tūmo? of her will,
Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,
Vntill she lade and dull our eares againe:
Seeme you but so?le for what you haue done,
And straight shee'll put the finger in the eye,
With comfort now, since it cannot be helpt:
But make you shee to iustifie the act
If euer other language in her lips,
Then out vpon it, it is abhominable, I dare be hangde,
Say any thing it makes no matter what,
Then thus be wearied with a womans chat.

Dutch. I, I, you are the spaniels of the Court,
And thus you sawn and sooth your want on king,
But Edward hadst thou prizde thy maiestie,
Thou neuer wouldest haue straid thy princely state,
With the base leauings of a subjects bed:
Nor bozne the blemish of her Bigamie.
A widow, is not a goodly thing:

Grayes childzen come aske blessing of the King.

Qu. Nay I beseech your Grace my Lady Dorset,
Euen as you are a Princess and a widow,
Thinke not so meanely of my widowhood,
A spotlesse virgin came I first to Gray,
With him I liude a true and faithfull wife:
And since his hie emperiall maiestie,
Hath please to blesse my poore deserten state
With the high Soueraigne title of his Quene,
I here protest befoze the host of heauen,

The first part of

I came as chaffe a widow to his bed,
As when a virgin I to Gray was wed.

King. Come, come haue done, now haue you chid enough,
Gods wote, we were as merie ere she came, as any people in
Cheshendome, I with the mistris, and these with the maides:
onely wee haue no fidlers at our feast, but mother you haue
made a fit of mirth: welcome to Grafton mother, by my
troth you are euen inst come as I wished you here, let vs go
to supper, and in Charitie giue vs your blessing ere we go to
Bedde.

Duch. O Edward, Edward, sit and leaue this place,
Wherein poore fillie King thou art enchanted,
This is her dam of Bedfords worke her mother,
That hath bewitcht thee Edward my poore childe,
Disbonour not the Princes of thy land,
To make thee kneele with reuerence at her foete,
That ere thou dost empale with soueraintie,
They would haue scorned to haue looked vpon,
Theres no such difference twixt the greatest Pære,
And the poore silliest kitching maide that liues,
As is betwixt thy worthines and hers.

Quee. I do confesse it, yet my Ladie Yorke,
My mother is a duchesse as you are,
A Princess boine, the Duke of Bedfords wiffe,
And as you know, a daughter and a sister,
Unto the royall bloud of Burgundie.
But you cannot so basely thinke on me,
As I do thinke of these vaine worldly titles,
God from soule my sinne as farre deuide.
As I am farre from boasting in this pride,

Selling. Madam, she is the mirroꝝ of her kind,
Had she but so much spleene as hath a gnatte,,
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts,
She is a Saint, and Madam you blaspheme,
To wrong so sweete a Ladie.

Duch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Selling.

King Edward the fourth.

Sellin. Madam but that you are my soueraignes mother,
I would let you know you wrong a Gentleman,

Howard. Good Cousin Sellinger haue patience,
Her Graces rage by too much violence,
Hath spent it selfe already into aire:

Deere Madam I beseech you on my knee,
Tender that louing kindnesse to the Quene,
That I dare sweare she doth in saule to you.

Edw. Well said good Cole, I pray thee make them friends,
Why how now Bessie, what weepe: may then it chide you:
What sodaine newes comes by this messenger?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My soueraigne Lord, the bastard Falconbridge,
Of late hath kind rebellion in the South,
Incouraging his forces to deliuer,
King Henrie late deposde out of the Towre,
To him the malcontented commons flocke,
From euerie part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
His armie waxed twentie thousand strong,
And as it is supposde by circumstance,
Meane to take London, if not well defended.

Ed. Well let this Phaeton that is mounted thus,
Loke he sit surely, or by Englands George,
He breake his necke, this is no new enaſſon,
I surely thought that one day I should see,
That bastard Falcon take his wings to mount,
Into our Eagle aerie, me thought I saw,
Blacke discontent sit ever on his brow,
And now I see I calculated well,
Good Cousin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,
This night weele spend in feast and iollitie,
With our new Quene, and our beloued mother,
To morrow you shall haue commission,
To raise vp power against this haughtie rebell:
Strra depart not till you know our pleasure,
You shall conuey vs letters backe to London,

Unto

The First part of

Unto the Maior, Recorder, and our friends,
As supper ready: come by my bonnie Bessie,
Welcome mother, we are all your guests.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching, Spicing,
Smoake, Chub, and others.

Fal. Hold drumme,

1. Spi. Hold drumme and be hangde;

2. Smoke. Hold drumme hold, peace then ho, silence to the
3 proclamation.

1. Spi. Pou lie you rogue, tis to the Dration,

Chub. Nay then you all lie, it is to the coblication,

Fal. True hearted English and our valiant friends,
all. Ho bracie generall is faith.

spi. Peace there you rogues, or I will split your chaps:

Fal. Deare countymen, I publike proclaime,

If any wronged discontented English,

Tought with true feeling of King Henries wrongs,

Henrie the first the lawfull King of England,

Who by that tyrant Edward the usurper,

Is held a wretched prisoner in the Towre,

If any man that saine would be enfranchise,

From the sad yoke of Poykish servitude,

Under which we toile like naked Gallianes,

Know he that Thomas Neuill the Lord Falconbridg:

all. I a, a Falconbridge a falconbridge:

Spi. Peace ye clamorous rogues, on General on with your
Dration, peace there,

Fal. Witting King Henries poore distressed case,

Armed with his title, and a subjects zeale,

Takes by iust arms against the house of Poyke:

And do proclaime our ancient libertie:

all. Libertie, libertie, libertie, generall libertie,

Fal. We do not rise like Tiler, Cade, and Straw,

Blewbeard, & other of that rascall route,

Wascly like Tinkers, or such muddie flanes,

King Edward the fourth.

For mending measures, or the price of corne,
Or for some common in the wild of Kent,
That by some greedy Cormorant inclose:
But in the true and ancient lawfull right,
Of the redoubted house of Lancaster.
Our blood is noble, by our birth a Nevill,
And by our lawfull line Lord Falconbridge,
Whose here that of so dull a leaden temper,
That is not fired with a Newls name?

All. A Nevill, a Nevill, a Nevill.

Fa. Our quarrell like our selfe is honourable,
The law our warrant.

Smoke. I, I, the law is on our side.

Chub. I, the law is in our own hands.

Spi. Peace you rogues.

Fa. And more, a blessing by the word propose,
To those that aide a true annointed King,
Courage brave spirits and crye a Falconbridge,

All. A Falconbridge, a Falconbridge.

Fa. We will be masters of the mint our selues,
And set our owne stampe on the golden coyne:
Wele shew our neighing coursers with no worse
Then the purest sinner that is sold in Cheape.
At Leaden hall wele sell pearles by the pecke,
As now the mealemen vse to sell their meale:
In Westminster wele keep a solemne court,
And build it bigger to receiue our men,
Crie Falconbridge my hearts libertie,

All. Falconbridge and libertie, &c.

Smoke. Peace ye slaues, or I will smoke ye else,

Chub. Peace ye slaues, or I will chub your chappes, but
indeede thou maist well smoke them, because thy name is
Smoke.

Smoke. Why sirra, I hope Smoke the Smith of Chepsted,
Is as good a man as Chub the Chandler of Sandwich.

Spicing. Peace ye rogues, what are you quarrelling? and
now

The first part of

now list to Captaine Spicing.

Now know Cheapeside there are the Percers Shops,
Where we will measure velvet by the pikes:
And Silkes and Sattens by the streetes whole bredth:
Weele take the Tankards from the Conduit cockes,
To fill with Iocras and drinke carowse.
Where chaines of gold and plate shall be as plentie,
As wooden dishes in the wild of Kent:

Smoake. Oh brauely said Ned Spicing, the honestest Lad
that euer punde spice in a mortar, now speakes Captaine
Smoke.

Loke Lads for from this hil ye may discerne,
The lonely towne which we are marching to,
That same is London Lads ye loke vpon,
Range all arow my hearts and stand at gaze,
As doe the heards of Deere at some strange sight:
Or as a troupe of hungrie travellers,
That fire their eyes vpon a furnisht feast,
Loke how the Towre doth tice vs to come on,
To take out Henry the first there prisoner,
See how S. Katherines smokes, wipe slaues your eyes
And whet your stomackes for the good manlt pies.

Chub. Why then belike I am no bodie: roome and anoy:
dance, for now speakes Captaine Chub:

No sooner in London will we be,
But the Bakers for you, the Brewers for me,
Birchin lane shall sute vs, the Costermongers fruite vs:
The Poulters send vs in fowle,
And Butchers meat without controule:
And euer when we sup or dine,
The Wintners freely bring vs in wine:
If any bodie aske who shall pay,
Cut off his head and send him away,
This is Captaine Chubs law whosoener say nay.
Fal. Brauely resolute, so march we forward all,
And boldly say, good lucke shall vs befall.

Exeunt.
Enter

King Edward the fourth.

Enter the Lord Maior, M. Shoare. M. Ioffeline, in their velvet
coates, and gorgets, and leading stauces.

Ma. This is well done, thus shoulde good Cittizens,
Fashion themselves as well for warre as peace :
Haue pee commanded that in euerie strēte,
They hang forth lights as soone as night comes on?
Say Colin Saoure, that was referd to you.

Shoare. We haue my Lord, besides from euerie hall
There is at least two hundred men in armes.

Ma. It cheares my heart to heare this readines,
Let neuer rebels put true Subjects downe,
Come when they will, their welcome shall be such,
As they had better kept them further off.
But where is M. Recorder? his aduise,
Must not be wanting in these high affaires.

Sho. About an houre agoe, and somewhat more,
I left him fortifying the bridge my Lord,
Which done he purposed to meete you here :

Ma. A discret painful Gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclinde :
If we entend to haue the Citie safe,
Or looke for thanks, and credit with the King,
I tell ye maisters, aged though I be,
I (for my part) will to no bed this night.

Ioff. Why is it thought the Bastard is so neare?

Ma. How meane ye M. Ioffeline by neare?
He neither comes from Italy nor Spaine :
But out of Kent, and Essex which you know,
Are both so neare, as nearer cannot be.

Ioff. Say, by your patience good my Lord a word,
Simple though I am, yet I must confesse,
A mischief further off, would, and so forth,
You know my meaning, things not scene befoze,
Are, and so forth. yet in good sadnes,
I would that all were well, and perchance,

The first part of

It may be so, what, were it not for hope,
The heart, and so forth, but to the matter,
You meane and purpose, I, I, am sure ye doe?

Ma. Well M. Iosseline, we are sure ye mean well
Although somewhat defectiue in your utterance.

Ios. I, I, my Lord Mayor, I am you know,
Willing, ready, & so forth, tut, tut, for me, ha, ha,
My mansion is at Ham, and thence you know,
I come to helpe you in this needfull time:
When rebels are so busie, and so forth,
What matters, age must neuer be despised,
You shall find me my Lord, still, and so forth.

Enter Vrswicke the Recorder.

Sho. My Lord, now here comes M. Recorder.

Re. Good euen my good Lord Mayor, the streets are chainde,
The bridge well manned & euerie place prepared,
Shall we now go together and consult,
What else there is to be determinde of?

Ma. Your comming M. Recorder was the thing
We all desired, therefore let vs consult,
And now what say ye, if with halfe our power,
We issue forth, and giue the rebels fight?

Recor. Before they do prouoke vs nearer hand
There were no way to that, if all be please,
Whats your opinion M. Iosseline?

Ios. Good with my L. Mayor, and M. Recorder,
You may take your choice, but in my conceit,
Issue if you will, or else stay if you will,
A man can neuer be too warie and so forth,
Yet as to issue will not be the worst,
Euen so to tarric, wel, you may thinke more on't,
But all is one, we shall be sure to fight,
And you are wise enough, to see your time, I, I, a Gods
name.

Rec. My Lord accept his meaning better then his counsell.

Ma.

King Edward the fourth.

Ma. I, so we do, or else we were to blame,
What if we stoppe the passage of the Thames,
With such provision as we haue of shippes?

Recor. Its doubtfull yet my Lord, whether the rebels,
Purpose that way to seeke our detriment,
Rather me seemeth they will come by land,
And either make assault at London bridge,
Or else at Algate, both which enterances,
Were good they should be strongly fortified.

Ios. Well said master Recorder, you do, I I, I ye warrant.

Recor. As for the other, the whole companies
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the rest,
Are drawne together for their best defence,
Beside the Towre, a neighbour to that place,
As on the one side it will cleere the river,
So on the other with their ordnance,
It may repulse and beate them from the gate,

Ma. What noyse is this: provide ye sodainely:
And enerie man betake him to his charge.

A noyse
within.

Enter a Messenger.

Sho. Soft who is this, how now my friend what newes?

Mes. My master the Lieutenant of the Towre, giues ye to
vnderstand, he hath describe the armie of the rebels.

Recor. Which way come they?

Mes. From Cesterward, and therefore tis his mind,
You garde both Algate wel, and Bishopsgate.

Ma. Saint George a way, and let vs all resolute,
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout,
Preserue our goods, our children and our wiues,
Or seale our resolution with our liues.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge, Spicing, with his troupes.

Fal. Summon the Citie, and commaund our entrance,
Which if we shall be stubboznlly denide,
Our power shal rush like thunder through the walles,

Spi. Open your gates slaues when I commaund ye,
Spicing beates on the gates, and then enters the Lord Ma-

ior

The first part of

ior and his associates with prentises.

Ma. Whats he that beates thus at the Cittie gates,
Commaunding entrance as he were a King?

Fa. He that will haue releasement for a King:
I Thomas Neuell the Lord Falconbridge.

Sp. Ho sirra, you, clapperdudgin, vnlocke, vnbolt,
Or Ile bolt you if I get in, stand you preaching with a pore?

Ma. We haue no warrant Tho. Falconbridge,
To let your armed troupes into our Cittie,
Considering you haue taken vp these armes,
Against our soueraigne and our countreys peace.

Fal. I tell thee Mator, and know he tels thee so,
That cometh armed in a Kings defence,
That I craue entrance in Kings Henries name,
In right of the true line of Lancaster,
He thinks that word spoke from a Neuells mouth
Should like an earthquake rend your chained gates,
And teare in peeces your portcullises,
I thunder it againe into you eares,
You stout and brave couragious Londoners,
In Henries name I craue my entrance in.

Or. Should Henries name commaund thee entrance here
We should denie alleageance vnto Edward,
Whose true and faithfull subjects we are sworne,
And in whose presence is our sword vp borne.

Fal. I tell thee traitor then thou bearest thy sword
Against thy true vndoubted King.

Sho. Nay then I tell thee bastard Falconbridge,
My Lord Mator beares his sword in his defence,
That put the sword into the armes of London,
Made the Lord Matoris for ever after Knights,
Richard, de posse, Henrie Bullingbrooke,
From whom the house of Yorke doth claime their right.

Fal. Whats he that answeres vs thus saucily?

Sm. Sirra your name, that we may knowe ye hereafter,

Sho. My name is Shoare, a Goldsmith by my trade,

Fal.

King Edward the fourth.

Fal. What not that Shoare that hath the daintie wife,
Shoares wife, the flowre of London for her beautie.
Sho. Yes rebell even the verte same.

Spi. Runne rascall and fetch thy wife to our Generall presently,
or else all the Gold in Cheapside cannot ransom her:
wilt thou not stirre when I bid thee.

Fal. Shoare listen me, thy wife is mine thats flat,
This night in thine owne house. Shee sleepest with mee,
Now Crosebie Lord Mayor shall we enter in?

Ma. Crosebie the Lord Mayor tels thee proud rebell no.

Fal. So Croseby shall I not: then doating Lord,
I cramine the name of rebell down thy throat,
Theres not the poorest rascall of my campe,
But if he chance to meete thee in Cheapside
Upon thy footcloath, he shall make thee light,
And hold his stirrop while he mount thy horse,
Then lackie him which way he please to goe,
Crosebie Ile make the Citizens be glad,
To send thee and the Aldermen thy brethren,
All manicled, and chainde like Gallie slaves,
To ransom them, and to redeme the Citie.

M. Say then proud rebel, pause & heare me speak,
Theres not the poorest and meanest Citizen,
That is a faithfull subiect to the King,
But in despite of thy rebellious route,
Shall walke to Bowe, a small wand in his hand
Although thou lie encamped at Mileend Greene,
And not the proudest rebell of you all,
Shall dare to touch him for his damned soule.
Come, we will pull vp our portcullises,
And let me see thee enter if thou dare.

Fal. Spoken like a man, and true Velvet iacket,
And we will enter or strike by the way. Exeunt,

Enter Lord Maier, Recorder, and Ioffeline.

Ma. Wheres master Recorder, and master Ioffeline?

Recor. Here my Lord Mayor, wee now haue made the
walles

The first part of

walles, and fortified such places as were needfull,

Ma. Why it is well, brothers and Citizens,
Strike to your Citie as good men should do,
Thinke that in Richards time enen such a rebell,
Was then by Walworth the L. Maior of London,
Slaid dead in Smithfield:

Then shew your selues as it befits the time,
And let this find a hundredth Walworth now,
Dare stabbe a rebell were he made of brasse,
And Apprentises strike to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now,
God and our King against an arrant rebel,
Brothers a way, let vs defend our wallles:

1. Pren My Lord your wordes are able to infuse,
A double courage in a cowards breast,
Then feare not vs although our chinnes be bare,
Our hearts are good, the triall shall be seene,
Against these rebels on this champion greene.

2. Pre. We haue no tricks nor pollices of warre,
But by the ancient custome of our fathers,
Wele soundly lay it on, take off that will.
And London Apprentises be rulde by me,
Die ere ye lose faire Londons libertie.

S. How now my flatcaps, are you grown so brane?
Tis but your wordes, when matters come to passe
Youle scudde as twere a companie of sheepe,
My counsaile therefore is to keepe your shops,
What lack you, better will besseme your mouths,
Then termes of warre, in sooth you are too pong:

Pr. Sirra go to, you shall not find it so,
Flatcaps thou calst vs, we scorne not the name,
And shortly by the vertue of our swordes,
Wele make your cap so fit vnto your crowne,
As sconce and cap and all kisse the ground.

2. Pr. You are those desperate idle swaggering mates,
That haunt the suburbs in the time of peace,

And

King Edward the Fourth.

And raffe by ale-house braules in the street,
And when the rumoz of the warre begins,
You hide your heads, and are not to be found,
Thou termest it better that we keepe our shops,
It's good indeed we should haue such a care,
But yet for all our keeping now and then,
Your Wellring fingers breake into our lockes,
Till at Tyborne you acquitte the fault:
Go to, albeit by custome we are milde,
As those that doe professe ciuilitie,
Yet being moude, a nest of angrie hornets
Shall not be more offensive then we will,
Whele ste about your eares and sting your hearts.

Ioſt. He tels you truth my friends, and so ſweth.

F2. Who can endure to be so braude by boyes?

1.Pr. Nay ſcoone vs not that we are Pzentiles,

• The Chronicles of England can report,
What memorabile actions we haue done,
To which this daies atchievement shall be knitt,
To make the volume larger then it is.

Ma. Now of mine honoz, ye doe cheare my heart
Bye English offsprings, valiantly resolute.

2.Pre. My Lord returne you backe, let vs alone,
You are our Masters, giue vs leaue to worke,
And if we do not vanquish them in fight,
Let vs go supperles to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their
crew.

Spi. Sm. Get thee by on the top of S. Buttolphs steeple, and
make a proclamation.

Smoke. What a plague should I proclaim there?

Spi. That the bells be rung backward,
And cutting of throats be cride banocke,
No more calling of lanthorne and candlelight,
That maidenheads be balmed at first nothing:
And Sacke be sold by the Gallie.

Is

That.

The First part of

That no piddling slaue stand to picke a locke, but slash me off the hinges, as one would slit by a Cowes paunch.

Spicing. Let no man haue lesse then a warehouse to his wardrope: crie a figge for a Sergeant, and walke by the Counter like a Lord, plucke out the clapper of Bow bell, and hang by all the Dertons in the Cittie.

Smoke. Rantam Scantam, Rogues follow your leader, Canallers Spicing the maddest slaue that ere pind spice in a mortar.

Spi. Take me an Usurer by the greasse pouch, and shake out his Crownes, as a hungrie dog would shake a Haggas, Barre foule play Rogues, and liue by honest filching and stealing, he that hath a true finger, let him forsake his face to the fryngpan.

Follow your Leader Rogues, follow your Leader.

Smoake. Assault, Assault, and crie a Falconbridge.

Iosseline on the walles cries to them.

Ios. Sirra Spicing, if Spicing bee thy name, we are here for matters and causes as it might seeme for the King, therefore it were good, and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates, or if we be the picklocks, ye Rogues weele play the Mastiffe dogs amongst you: If I worie not a thousand of you with my teeth, let mee bee hangde in a packethreed, and so forth.

Ios. Fond fellow, iustice is to be vsed, I marie is it, and law in some sort as it were is to be followed, oh God forbid else, this our Magistrate hath power as might seeme, and so forth, for dutie is to be obserued, and Officers must be obeyed, in sort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. Weele talke more anone, good M. and so forth.

Here is a verie fierce assault on all sides, wherein the Prentises do great seruice.

Enter Falconbridge angrie with his men.

Fal. Why this it is to trust to these base Rogues.
This durtie scum of rascall peasantrie:

This

King Edward the Fourth.

This hartles rout of base rascalitie;
A plague vpon you all, you cowardly Rogues;
You crauand curres, you li'my muddy clownes,
Whose conrage but consistes in multitude,
Like sheepe and weat that follow one another,
Which if one runne away, all follow after:
This hedge-bred rascal, this filthie scie of ditches,
A vengeance take you all, this t'is to lead you,
Now doe you crie and shrike at every thocke,
A hot consuming mischiese follow you.

Spi. Swounds scale rogues, scale, a Falconbridge,
a Falconbridge.

Enter Lord Maior and histraine.

Ma. Set open the gates, nay then wael lally out,
It neuer shall be said when I was Maior,
The Londoners were shut vp in the Citie,
Then crie King Edward, and lets vs issue out.

Fal. Now if ye be true hearted Englishmen,
The gates set open and the portcullise vp:
Lets Del Del in, to stop their passage out,
He that first enters, be posselt of Cheape,
I giue him it freely, and the chiefest wench.

Spi. That he can find, let that lie in the bargaine. Exeunt.

The Lord Maior and the Citizens hauing valiantly repulsed the
Rebels from the Citie: Enters Falconbridge and Spicing and their
traîne wounded and dismaied.

Spi. Hear't thou Generall, theres hote drincking at the
mouth of Bishopsgate, for our soldours are all MOUTH, they
lie like Rascals with their brains beaten out, therefore since
we are all like to feed hogs in Houndsditch, let vs retire our
troupes, and saue our thaimed men, or if we issue further, we
are put to the sword enery mothers sonne of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villaine in whose dardined mouth,
Was neuer heard of any word but wounds?

The First part of

Whose recreant limbes are nocht with gaping scarres,
Thicker then any carking craft-mans score,
Whose very skappe is scratcht and crasde and broken,
Like an old mazzar beaten on the stones,
And standest thou now to saue our mained men?
A plague vpon thee coward.

Spi. Why how now base Thomas? Swounds, wert thou
a base Tiall, thou art but a rascall and a rebell as I am, hea-
rest thou, if I do not turne true Subiect and leaue thee, let
me be woxyed with dogs, Swounds dost thou impeach my
manhood? Tom Neulli thou hadst as good to haue damnde thy
selfe as vttered such a word, flatly I forsake thee, and all that
loue Ned Spicing follow me.

Here the rest offer to follow.

Fal. Come come ye testie soule, thou seest me greende,
Yet canst not beare with mine infirmitie,
Thou knowest I hold thee for as tall a man
As any lines or breathes our English apee,
I know there liues not a more fierie spirit,
A more resolu'd valiant, a plague vpon it,
Thou knowest I loue thee, yet if a word escape
My lips in anger, how teastie then thou art?
I had rather all men lest me then thy selfe,
Thou art my soule, thou art my Genius:
I cannot liue without thee not an hower,
Thus must I still be forc'd against my will, aside,
To sooth this dirtie slave, this cowardly rascall.
Come, come be friends, ye teastie firebrand,
We must retire there is no remedie.

Spi. Nay Tom, if thou wilt haue me mount on the walles,
And cast my selfe downe headlong on their pikes,
He doe it, but to impeach my valour,
Had any man but thou spoke halfe so much,
I would haue spilt his heart, still be ware
My valour, such words go hard ly downe,
Well, I am friends, thou thoughtest not as thou spakest.

Fal. *Ex.*

King Edward the fourth.

Fal. So on my soule, thou thinkest not that I did,
Sound a retreat there I commaund ye strait,
But whither shall we retire?

Spi. To Mileend Greene, theres no fitter place.

Fal. Then let vs backe retire to Mileend Greene,
And there expect fresh succour from our friends,
With such supply as shall ere long assure
The Citie is our owne, march on, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the L. Maior with his traine and Prentises.

Maior. We haue bestird y^e like good Cittizens,
And shewne your selues true subiects to your king,
You worthily prentise bestirde your selues,
That it did chere my heart to see your valour,
The rebels are retirde to Mileend Greene,

Re. Where so we may not suffer them to rest.
But issue forth vpon them with fresh force.

Ios. My L. Maior, diligence doth well, and so forth.
Matters must be looked into as they ought, indeed
should they, when things are well done, they are,
and so forth, for causes and things must indeede be
lookt into.

Ma. Well sir, we vertie well conceiue your meaning,
And you haue shewne yout selfe a worthe gentleman:
See that our wals be kept with courts of guard,
And well defended against the enemye,
For we will now withdraw vs to Guild hall,
To take aduise what further must be don. *Exeunt.*

Enter Master Shore and Iane his wife.

Shore. Be not afraid (sweet heart) the worst is past,
God haue the praise, the victorie is ours,
We haue preuaillde, the rebels are repulsde,
And euerie ströete of London soundeth top,
Canst thou then (gentle Iane) be sad alone?

Iane. I am not sad now you are here with me,

The First part of

My ioy, my hope, my comfort, and my loue,
My deere, deere husband, kindest Mathew Shore,
But when these armes the circles of my soule,
Were in the fight so forward as I heard,
How could I chuse, sweet heart, but be afraid?
Sho. Why dost thou tremble now, when perils past?

Ia. I thinke vpon the horrour of the tyme,
But tell me why you fought so desperately?

Sho. First to maintaine King Edwards royaltie,
Next to defend the Cities libertie,
But chiefly Iane to keepe thee from the spoyle,
Of him that to my face did bow thy spoyle,
Had he preuailed, where then had bene our lines,
Dishonored our daughters, rauished our faire wiues,
Possessed our goods, and set our seruants free,
Yet all this nothing to the losse of thee.

Ia. Of mee sweet heart? why how should I be lost?
Were I by thousand stormes of fortune tost?
And should endure the poorest wretched life,
Yet Iane will be thy honest loyall wife,
The greatest Prince the sunne did euer see,
Shall neuer make me proue vntrue to thee:

Sh. I feare not faire meanes, but a rebels force,

Ia. These hands that make this bodie a dead corse,
Ore force or flatterie shall mine honour staine,

Sh. True fame suruiues, when death the flesh hath staine.

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Of. God saue ye maister Shore, and mistris by your leaue,
Sir my L. Maior sends for ye by mee,
And prates your speedie presence at Guild hall,
Theres newes the rebels haue made head again,
And haue ensconced themselves vpon Pileend,
And presently our armed men must out,
You being Captaine of two companies
In honour of your valour and your skill,

King Edward the fourth.

Must lead the wayward, God & right stand with yee.

Sh. Friend tell my Lord he wait upon him trait.

Ia. Friend tel my Lord he does my husband wrong,
To set him foremost in the danger still,
Ye shall not go if I may haue my will,

S. Peace wife, no more, friend I wil follow yee, Exit.

Ia. I faith ye shall not, yethee do not go.

Sh. Not go sweet heart: that were a coward's trick,
A traitors part to shrink when others fight,
Enuie shall neuer say that Mathew Shoare
The Goldsmith said, when other men went out,
To meeete his Kings and countries enemye,
No lane gainst all the rebels on Mileend,
I dare alone R. Edwards right defend.

Ia. If you be slaine, what shall become of mee?

Sh. Right well my wench, inowe will marrie thee,
I leaue thee worth at least fve thousand pound.

Ia. Marrie again: that word my heart doth wound,
He neuer marrie, nor I will not liue, She weeps.
If thou be kild, let me go with thee Mar.

Sh. Tis idle talke good lane, no more of that,
Go to my Ladie Matorelle and the rest,
As you are still companion with the best,
With them be merrie, and pray for our good speed,

Ia. To part from thee my very heart doth bleed.

Excunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching,
as being at Mileend.

Fa. Yet stand we in the sight of becard Troy,
And sucke the ayze she drawes: our verte breath
Flies from our nostrils warme unto the walles,
We heare her bristling spires, her battled towres,
And proudly stand and gaze her in the face,
Loke on me, and I doubt not ye imagine,
My worth as great as any one of yours,

The First part of

My fortunes, would I basely saue on Edward,
 To be as faire as anie mans in England,
 But he that keepes your soueraigne in the Towre,
 Hath seazde my land, and robd me of my right:
 I am a Gentleman as well as hee,
 What he hath got, he holds by tyrannie,
 Now if you faint, or cowardly should flie,
 There is no hope for anie one to liue,
 We heare the Londoners will leaue the Citty,
 And bid vs battaille here on Milcend Greene,
 Whom if we vanquish, then we take the towne,
 And ride in triumph thozow Cheape to Baules,
 The Mint is ours, Cheap, Lombard Street our owne
 The meanest souldier wealthier then a King.

Spi. March faire ye rogues, all kings or capknitters:
 dost thou beare Tom Falconbridge? I pre thee grant me one
 boone I shall aske thee.

Fa. What is it Ned: its hard I should denie thee.

Spi. Why that when we haue wonne the Citty, as we can
 not chuse but winne it, that I may haue the knighting of all
 these rogues and rascalles.

Fa. What then?

Spi. What then? Zounds I scorne your scurnie wry mow-
 thed, what then? now a pore take me if I fight a blow.

Fa. Why this is fine, go to, knight whom thou wilt:

Spi. Who, I knight any of them? Ile see them hangde first
 for a companie of tattered ragged rascalles, if I were a King,
 I would not knight one of them?

Chub. What not mee Qualero Chub?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee: and yet Ile see thee
 hangde ere ile honour thee so much: I care not so much for the
 matter, but I would not be denide my humour.

Fa. Why what a peruerse fellow art thou Ned?

Spi. Ho my fine Tom, my braue Falconbridge, my mad
 Greeke, my lustie Neuill: thou art a King, a Cesar, a plague
 on thee, I loue thee not, and yet Ile die with thee.

Enter

King Edward the fourth.

Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Ioffeline, Shoare,
and their Souldiours marching.

Maior. See how rebellion can exalt it selfe,
Pruning the feathers of sicke discipline.

Recor. They thinke they can outlooke our truer looks,

Sho. Marke but the scoznesfull ere of Falconbridge.

Ma. I rather thinke tis feare vpon his cheeke,
Decyphers pale disturbance in his heart.

Iof. Our coming forth hath, well, I say no more,
But shall we take occasion, and so forth,
Rebellion should haue no respite, oh my Lord,
The time hath bene, but all is one so; that.

Spi. How like a troupe of ranke ozeridden iades,
You buisie bearded Citizens appeare?

Chub. Nay, rather so many men in the spone,
And euerie one a forzen bush in his mouth.

Spi. The foure and thwentie wards? now fate befall them,
Would any one haue thought befoze this houre,
There had bene such intrale of muddy slaues?

Spi. Peace soldiours, they are resolute you see,
And not to flatter vs, no; fauour them,
Such haughtie stomacks selhome haue bene scene,
Imbodied in the breasts of Citizens,
How sternly in their owne peculiar strength,
Without the assistance of their lingring King,
Did they of late repulse vs from their walles?
And now againe how expeditionly,
And vnerpected they haue met vs here?
Where we more deadly incensed then we are,
I would not but commend their chivalrie.

Spi. Captaine, shall we go challenge them to fight?
Should we burne daylight, thelle thinke anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

Ch. Tell them they come in stead of pudding pies,
And Stratford cakes to makes a banquet here.

Fal. Soft giue me leane, I will denise with words,

The First part of

To weaken and abash their fortitude,

Re. The bastard offers to come forth my Lord.

Ma. I am the man intend to answer him.

Fa, Crosbie.

Ma. Traytor.

all Traitor: 3ounds downe with him.

Fa. Be patient, give me leave I say to speake,

I doubt not but the traitors name shall rest

With those that keeps their lawfull in bonds:

Peane time ye men of London once againe,

Behold my warlike colours are displaide,

Which I have bound shal neuer be wrapt vp,

Untill your loftie buildings kisse our feet,

Unles you grant me passagethrough your streets.

Re. Passage, saist thou: that must be oze our breasts,

If any passage thou art like to haue.

Fa. Why then vpon your bodics will I tread,

And wade through standing poles of your lost blood.

Sh. We know thy threats, and reckon them as wind,

Not of sufficient powre to shake a reede.

Spi. But we shoke your gates not long agoe,

And made your walles to shake like yish bogges.

Chub. I, and so terrified ye, that not one of ye durst come to fetch a pinte of sacke at the mouth at Bishopsgate, no not for your liues.

Ios. I but you know what followed, and so forth.

Spi. Et cetera: are you there: mee thinks the sight of the dun Bull, the Neuch honored crest, should make you leaue your broken sentences, and quite forget euer to speake at all.

Sho. Nay then looke thou vpon our Citties armes.

Wherein is a bloudie dagger, that is it,

Wherewith a rebell like to Falconbridge,

Had his desert, meete for his trecherie,

Can you behold that, and not quake for feare?

Re. Since when, it is successuely decreed,

Traitors

King Edward the fourth.

Traitors with vs shall neuer better speede.

Spi. Captaine and fellow soldiers talke no more,
But draw your meaning forth in down right blows.

Falcon. Sound then alarm.

Maior. Do the like for vs, and where the right is,
there attend successe.

Ios. Stay and be better aduise, why countenon,
What is this Falconbridge you follow so?

I could instruct you, but you know my mind.

And Falconbridge what are these rusticalles,

Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse,

Shal I informe thee: no, thou art wise enough,

Edward of Poike delays the time you say,

Therefore hee will not come, imagine so,

The Citties weake, hold that opinion still,

And your pretence King Henries libertie.

True, but as how: shal I declare you: no.

What thē? youle fight, a gods name take your choise,

I canno more but giue you mine aduise.

Fal. Away with this parentheses of words,

Crosbie courage thy men, and on this greene,

Whose cause is right, let it be quickly scene.

Maior. I am as readie as thou canst desire,

On then a Gods name.

They fight, the rebels driue them backe: then
Enter Falconbridge and Spicing.

Fal. This was well fought, now Spicing list to me.

The Cittizens thus hauing giuen vs ground.

And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band

Of Essex souldiours, and with all the speede

Thou possibly canst make, withdraw thy selfe,

And get between the Cittie gates and them.

Spi. Oh braue Tom Neuill, gallant Falconbridge,

Ayme at thy intended pollicie,

This

The First part of

This is thy meaning, while thou art imploide,
And holdst them battaille here on Pileend Greene,
I must prouide as harbenger befoze,
There be not onely cleere and open passage,
But the best marchants houses to receiue
Us and our retinue, I am prouid of that,
And will not sleepe vpon thy iust command.

Fal. Away then I will follow as I may,
And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

After some excursions, enter Lord Maior and
Master Shoare.

Ma. We haue recovered what befoze we lost,
And heauen stands with the iustice of our cause,
But this I noted in the fight euen now,
That part of this rebellious crew is sent,
By what direction, or for what intent,
I cannot ghesse, but may suspect the worst,
And as it seemes, they compasse it about,
To hemme vs in, or get the gate of vs,
And therefore Cofin Shoare, as I repose
Trust in thy valour and thy loyaltie,
Draw forth thre hundred bowmen, and some pikes,
And presently encounter their assault.

Sho. I haue your meaning, and effect my Lord,
I trust shall disappoint them of their hope.

After an alarum, Enter Spicing with a drum
and certaine Soldiours.

Spi. Come on my harts, we will be kings to night,
Carouse in Gold, and sleepe with marchants wines,
While their poore husbands lose their liues abroad,
We are now quite behind our enemies backs,
And theres no let or hindzance in the way,
But we may take possession of the towne,
Ah you mad rogues, this is the wished houre,
Follow your leader, and be resolute.

As

King Edward the fourth.

As he marcheth, thinking to enter, Shoare and his souldiours issue forth and repulse him, after excursions, wherein the rebels are disperst. Enter Maior, Reco. Shoa. Iosseline, and a Messenger talking with the Maior.

Ma. T, my good friend, so certifie his grace,
The Rebels are disperst all and fled,
And now his Highnes mates with victorie. Exit. Mess.
Marshall your selues, and keepe in good aray:
To adde more glorie to this victorie:
The King in person cometh to this place,
How great an honour haue you gainde to day?
And how much is this Cittle samde so; ener,
That twise without the helpe, eyther of King,
Or any, but of God, and our owne selues,
We haue preuaile against our countries foes:
Thanks to his maiestie assisted vs,
Who alwaies helps true subiects in their need.

The Trumpets sound, then enters king Edward, L. How.
Sellenger and the traine.

King. Where is my Lord Maloz?

Ma. Here dread Soueraigne.

I hold no Lordship nor no dignitie,
In presence of my gracious Lord the King,
But all I humble at your highnes seete,
With the most happie conquest of proud rebels,
Dispearst and fled, that now remaines no doubt,
Of euer making head to here vs more.

King. You haue not tane the bastard Falconbridge:
Or is he slaine?

Ma. Neither my gracious Lord.
Although we labourd to our bittermost,
Yet all our care came over short,
For apprehending him or Spicing eyther
But some are taken, others on proffered grace

Paledes

The first part of

Welded themselves, and at your mercie stand.

K. Thanks god L. Maioz, you may condemne vs
Of too much slacknes in such bygent need:
But we assure you on our royall word,
So soone as we had gathered vs a power,
We dallied not, but made all hast we could,
What order haue ye tane for Falconbridge,
And his confederates in this rebellion?

Ma. Under your leane my Ledge, we haue proclaimed
Who byingeth Falconbridge alieue or dead,
Shall be requited with a thousand markes,
As much for Spicing, others of lesse worth
At easier rates are set.

K. Well haue ye done,
And wee will see it paid from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this and come to you,
That haue so well deserued in these affaires,
Affaires, I meane of so maine consequence.
Kneele downe and all of you receiue in field,
The honoz you haue merited in field.

There he drawes his sword and knights them.
Arise Sir Iohn Crosbie, L. Maioz of London & knight.
Arise by Sir Ralph Ioffeline knight.
Arise Sir Thomas Vrswicke our Recorder of London, and
knight.

Now tell me which is M. Shoare.

Ma. This same my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with Falconbridge.

King. Shoare kneele thou downe.

What call ye else his name?

Recor. His name is Mathew Shoare my Lord.

K. Shoare, why kneelest thou not, and at thy Soueraignes
hand receiue thy right?

Shoare. Pardon me gracious Lord,
I do not stand contemptuous or despising,
Such royall fauour of my Soueraigne,

But

King Edward the fourth.

But to acknowledge mine vnworthines:
Farre be it from the thought of Mathew Shore,
That he should be aduanc'de with Aldermen,
With our L. Maior, & our right grane Recorder.
If any thing hath bene perforce by me,
That may deserue your Highnes mean't respect,
I haue inough, and I desire no more,
Then let me craue that I may haue no more.

King. Well, be it as thou wilt, some other way
We will deuise to quittance thy deserts,
And not to faile therein vpon my word.
Now let me tell ye all my friends at once,
Your King is married, since you saw him last,
And haste to helpe you in this needfull time,
Hade me on sudden to forsake my bride.
But seeing all things are fallen out so well,
And there remaines no further doubt of ill,
Let me entreate you would goe hote your selues,
And bring your King a little on his way.
How say you my Lord, shall it be so?

Ma. Now God forbid but that my Lord the King
Should alwaies haue his Subjects at command.

Ios. Forbid quotha? I in good sadnes, your maiestie
Shall finde vs alwaies readie, and so forth.

King. Why then let forward Gentlemen,
And come L. Maior, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge and spicing with their weapons in their hands.

Spi. Art thou the man whose victories drawn at sea,
Fild enerie heart with terroz of thy name?
Art thou that Neuill whom we toke thee for?
Thou art a lowse, thou bastard Falconbridge?
Thou baser then a bastard, in whose birth
The very dregs of seruitude appeares,
Why tell me, liker of some rotten whepe,

After

The first part of

After by thy allurements we are brought,
To undertake this course, after thy promises
Of many golden mountaines to ensue,
Is this the greatest comfort thou canst giue?
Hast thou insnarde our heedles feet with death,
And brought vs to the Hebbet of defame,
And now dost bid vs shift and save our selues?
No craven were I sure I should be tane,
I would not stirre my feete, vntill this hand
Had benged me on thee for misguiding vs.

Fal. Opprobrious villaine, stable excrement,
That neuer dreamst of other manhood yet,
But how to ierke a horse, vntill my words
Insulde into thee resolutions fire.
Controlst thou me for that wherein thy selfe,
Art onely the occasion of mishap?
Hast thou and they stood to it as well as I,
The day had beene our owne, and London now,
That laughes in triumph, should haue wept in teares,
But being backt by such faint harted slaues
No maruaile if the Lion go to wracke,
As though it were not incident to Kings,
Sometime to take repulse, mine is no more:
For is not for that muddie bzaime of thine
To tute me how to digest my losse,
Then file with those that are already fled,
Or stay behind, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Oh prejudice to Spicings conquering name,
Whose valor even the backs this sword has made
Upon the flint, and yron barres at Aldgate:
Like mouthes will publish whiles the City stands
That I shrunke backe: that I was neuer seene
To shew my manly spleene, but with a whipe
I tell thee Falconbridge the least of these,
Do challenge bloud before they be appeasde,

Fal. Away ye scoundrell, tempt not my resolute,

King Edward the fourth.

The courage that turnes in Falconbridge,
Scornes the meounter of so base a budge.

Spi. By the pure temper of this sword of mine,
By this true flesh and bloud that gripes the same,
And by the honour I did winne of late,
Against those frostie bearded Citizens,
It shall be tride befoze we do depart,
Whether accuseth other wrongfully,
Of which of vs two is the better man.

Fal. I shall but quit the Hangman of a labour,
Yet rather then to be upbraided thus,
The Eagle once will stoop to feede on carrion.

They fight, Enter Chub.

Ch. Hold if ye be men, if not, hold as ye are: rebels & strong
thieves: I bring you newes of a proclamation, the King hath
promised that whosoener can bring the head of Falconbridge,
or Spicing, shall haue for his labour a thousand crownes. what
meane you then to swagger: save your selues.

Spi. This proclamation comes in happy time,
He banquish Falconbridge, and with this sword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the King,
So not alone shall I be pardoned,
But haue the thousand crownes as promised.

Fal. This rascall was ordainde to save my life;
For now when I haue overthrowne the wretch,
Euen with his head he yeld me to the King,
His princely word is past to pardon mee,
And though I were the chiefe in this rebellion,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.

Ch. Oh that I knew how to betray them both.

Fal. How saist thou Spi. wilt thou yeld thy selfe?
For I haue boode eyther alie or dead
To bring thee to King Edward?

Spi. And I haue boode the like by thee.
How will these two bad contraries agree?

Chub. And I the same by both of you.

The first part of

Fal. Come sir, Ile quickly rid you of that care.
Spi. And what thou lovest me, shall be thy share.
Chub. Here comes a miller, helpe to part the stay,
These are the rebels Falconbridge and Spicing,
The worst of them is worth a thousand crownes.
Mill. Marrie and such a bottie should I haue,
Submit, submit, it is in vaine to strue, Exit Fal.
Spi. Why what art thou?
Mill. One that will hamper you,
But what is the other that is fled away?
Chub. Oh miller, that was Falconbridge,
And this is Spicing his companion.
Spi. I tell thee miller thou hast bene the meanes,
To hinder the most charitable deed,
That euer honest Christian undertooke.
Chub. Thou canst beare me witnesse I had tane
That most notorious rebell but for him.
M. But I haue taken thee, and the world knows,
That Spicing is as bad as who is best.
Spi. Why thou mistakst, I am a true subject.
Chub. Miller hee lies, be sure to hold him fast.
Spi. Dost thou accuse me? apprehend him too,
For hees as guiltie as any of vs.
Mill. Come you shall both together answer it,
Before my Lord Maior, and here he comes.
Enter Lord Maior, Iosseline, and other attendants.
Ma. Sir Ralph Iosseline, haue you euer seen a Prince more affable
then Edward is? what merry talke he had vpon the way.
Ios. Doubtlesse my Lord hee is proue a royal King.
But how now what are these?
Mill. God saue your honour,
Were I present vnto you my Lord Maior,
A paire of rebels, whom I did espie
As I was busie grinding at my mill,
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had beset some trueman from his house,

King Edward the fourth-

I came to keepe the peace, but after ward,
Found that it was the bastard Falconbridge,
And this his mate together by the eares,
The one, for all that I could doo, escape,
The other standeth at your mercie here.

Ma. It is the rebell Spicing.

Spi. It is indeed?

I see you are not blind, you know mee then.

Ma. Well miller, thou hast done a subjects part,
And worthily deserueth that recompence
Is publickely proclaimed by the King,
But whats this other? I haue seene his face,
And as I take it, he is one of them.

Mill. I must confesse, I toke them both together,
Hce ayded me to apprehend the rest.

Chub. A telles you true my Lord, I am Chub the
Chaundler, and I curse the time that euer I saw their
faces, for if they had not been, I had liued an honest
man in mine own countrie, and neuer come to this,

Spi. Out rogue, dost thou recant for feare of death?
I Maio. I am he that sought to cut your thypate,
And since I haue miscaried in the fact,
He nere denie it, do the worst you can.

Ma. Bying him away, he shall haue marttall law,
and at the next tree we do come vnto,
We hangde to rid the world of such a wretch,
Miller thy dutie is a thousand markes,
which must be sharde betwixt thee and this poore fel-
low, that did reueale him. And sirra, your life is saude
on this conditton, that you hang vp Spicing, how saist
thou, wilt thou do it?

Chub. Will I doe it? what a question is that?
I would hang him if he were my father to saue mine own life.

Ma. Then when ye haue done it, come home to my house,
and there ye truly shall haue your reward.

Spi. Well sirra, then thou must be my hangman?

The first part of

Chub. I by my troth sir, for fault of a better.

Spi. Well, commend me to little Win, and pray her to redēme my pande hose, they lie at the blew Boze for eleuen pence, and if my hostesse will haue the other odde penie, tell her she is a damned bawde, and there is no truth in her scoze.

Chub. Take no thought sir for your pande hose, they are losse, and not woorth the redēming.

Spi. There is a Constable sticks in my minde, he got my sword from me, that night I should haue killed blacke Ralph, if I had liude, I would haue bene meete with him.

Chub. I sir, but heres a thing shall take an order for that.

Spi. Commend me to blacke Lute, bounding Bessie, & lustie Kate, and the other prettie morsels of mans flesh. Farewell Winke and Winnesse, Flibote, and Caruell, Wainbull, and Spittle, I die like a man.

Chub. Oh Captaine Spicing, thy vaine inticing,
brought me from my trade,
From good candles making, to this paines taking,
a rebell to be made,
Therefore Ned Spicing, to quit thy enticing,
this must be thy hope,
By one of thy fellows, to be led to the Gallowes,
to end in a rope.

Exeunt.

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs. Dudgeon, dost thou heare, loke well to Brocke my mare, by the Dunne and her faire and softly downe the hill, and take heed the thornes feare not the hornes of my Cow hides, as thou goest neere the hedges: ha what saist thou knaue: is the Bulles hide downe: why lay it vp again, what care I: He meete thee at the stile, and helpe to set all straight. And yet God helpe, its a crooked world, and an vnchristie, for some that haue nere a shoue, had rather go barefoote, then buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new, for they haue time inough to mend all, they sit so long betweene the cup and the wall, well God amende them, God amende them. Let me see by my executoz heere, my leather pouch,
what

King Edward the fourth.

what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained,
what I haue lost, & what I haue laid out : my taking is moze
thē my spending, soz heres stozē left. I haue spent but a groat,
a pence soz my two iades, a pence to the poze, a pence pot of
ale, and a pence cake soz my man and me, a dicker of Colwe-
hides cost mee.

Here enter the Queene & Duchesse with their riding rods,
vnpinning their masks, Hobs goes forward.

Snalles who comes here? mistress Ferris, oz mistress what
call ye her? But by Iohn Hobs, money tempts beauty.

Du. Well met good fellow, sawest thou not the hart?

Ho. My heart? God blesse me from seeing my heart.

Du. Thy heart? the déere man, we demaund the decre.

Hobs. Do you demaund whats déere? mary cozne and colw
hides, Masse a good smug lasse, well like my daughter Nell, I
had rather then a bend of leather thee and I might smutch to-
gither.

Duchesse. Camst thou not downe the wood?

Hobs. Yes mistress that I did.

Dutch. And sawest thou not the déere imboss?

Hobs. By my hood ye make me laugh, what the dickens is
it loue that makes ye prate to me so fondly, by my fathers soule
I would I had tobd faces with you.

Huntsm. Why how now Hobs, so saucie with the Duchesse
and the Quéene?

Hobs. Much Quéene I trow, these be but women, and one
of them is like my wench, I would she had her rags, I
would giue a load of haire and hoynes, and a fat of leather, to
match her to some iustice, by the meg hollie.

2. Huntsm. Be silent Tanner, and aske pardon of the Quéene.

Hobs. And ye be the Quéene, I crie ye merrie god mistress
Queene.

Queen. No fault my friend, Madam lets take our bowes,
And in the standing seeke to get a shote.

Dutch. Come bende our bowes, and bying the herde of
deere.

Exeunt.

Hobs.

The first part of

Hobs. God send y^e good standing, and good striking, and fat flesh, see if all Gentlewomen be not alike when their blacke faces be on, I took the Quene, as I am true Tanner, for mistris Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in Greene.

Hobs. Soft, who comes here, moze knaues pet?

Sel. No good fellow, sawst thou not the King?

Hobs. No good fellow, I saw no King, which King doost thou aske for.

How. Why King Edward, what King is there else?

Hob. Theres another King and ye could hit on him, one Harrie, one Harrie, and by our Ladie they say, hees the honestest man of the two.

Sel. Sirra beware you speake not treason.

Hob. What if I doe?

Sel. When thoult be hangde.

Hob. A dogs death, he not meddle with it, for by my troth I know not when I speake treason, when I do not, theres such halting betwixt two Kings, that a man cannot goe vp-right, but he shal offend tone of them, I would God had them both for me.

How. Well, thou sawst not the King?

Hob. No, is he in the countrie?

How. Hees hunting here at Drayton Bassett.

Hob. The deuill he is, God blesse his Mastership: I saw a woman here that they said was the Quene, shes as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as euer I see.

Sel. Farewell fellow, speake well of the King, Exeunt.

Hob. God make him an honest man, I hope thats well spoken, for byth mouse foot, some giue him hard words, whether he serues v^m or not, let him looke to that, he meddle of my cow hde, and let the world slide.

Enter the king disguised.

The diuell in a dung cart, how these roysters swarme in the countrie no^w the King is so neere? God liuer me from this, for this looke like a theefe, but a man cannot tell amongst these
these

King Edward the fourth.

these Courtnoles whose true.

K.Ed. Holla my friend, good fellow pre thee stay.

Hob. No such matter, I haue more haste of my way.

K.Ed. If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hob. My purse thou meanest, I am no good fellow, and I pray God thou beest not one.

K.Ed. Why? dost thou not loue a good fellow?

Hobs. No, good fellows be theeuers.

K.Ed. Dost thou thinke I am one?

Hob. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghostly father.

K.Ed. I meane thee no harme.

Hob. Who knowes that but thy selfe? I pray God he spie not my purse.

K.Ed. On my troth I meane thee none.

Hob. Upon thy oth ile stay: now, what saist thou to me? Speake quickly, for my companie staies for me beneath at the next stile.

K.Ed. The King is hunting hereabouts, didst thou see his Maiestie?

Hob. His maiestie, whats that? his horse, or his mare?

K.Ed. Tush, I meane his Grace.

Hob. Grace quotha? pray God he haue any: which King dost thou quire for?

K.Ed. Why for King Edward, knowest thou anie more Kings then one?

Hob. I know not so many, for I tel thee I know none, marrie I heare of King Edward.

K.Ed. Didst thou see his Highnesse?

Hob. By my hollidame, thats the best tearme thou gaust him yet, hees high inough, but hee has put poore King Harrie low inough.

K.Ed. How low hath he put him?

Hob. Nay, I cannot tel, but he has put him down, for he has got the crowne, much good doot him with it.

K.Ed. Amen, I like thy talk so wel, I would I knew thy name.

Hob. Dost thou not know mee?

The first part of

K.Ed. Po.

Hobs. When thou knowest no bodie : didst neuer heare of Iohn Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth?

K.Ed. Not till now I promise thee, but now I like thee wel.

Hobs. So do not I thee, I feare thou art some out-rider, that liues by taking of purses here on Bassets heath, but I feare thee not, for I haue wared all my money in Colewhides, at Colehill market, and my man & my mare are hard by at the hill foote.

K.Ed. Is that thy grey mare thats tide at the stile with the hides on her backe?

Hobs. Thats Blocke my mare, and theres Dunne my nag, and Dudgeon my man.

K.Ed. Theres neither man nor horse, but onely one mare.

Hob. Gods blew budkin, has the knane serud me so? farewel, I may lose hides, horns, and mare & all, by prating with thee.

K.Ed. Tarry man, tarry, theile sooner take my gelding then thy gray mare, for I haue tide mine by her.

Hobs. What will I see afoze ile take your word.

K.Ed. Ile beare thee companie.

Hobs. I had as lieue go alone:

Exeunt.

Enter the two huntsmen againe with the Bowes.

1. Hunt. Now on my troth the Queene shoots passing wel.

2. Hunt. So did the Dutchesse when she was as young.

1. Hunt. Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wide & short:

2. Hunt. What haue they giuen vs?

1. Hunt. Sixe rose nobles inst:

2. Hunt. The Queene gaue foure.

1. Hunt. True, and the Dutchesse twaine.

2. Hunt. O were we euer so paid for our paine.

1. Hunt. Tut, had the King come, as they said he would, he would haue raide vpon vs shewes of gold.

2. Hunt. Why he is hunting some where here about, lets first go drinke, and then go seeke him out.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward againe, and Hobs.

K.Ed. How saist thou Tanner, wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Hobs.

King Edward the fourth.

H. Courser callst thou him? so ill mought I fare, thy skittish
sade will neuer abide, to carry my lether, my hories nor hde.
But if I were so mad to scoyce, what boote wouldst thou giue
mee?

K.Ed. Say boote, thats boote worthie, I looke for boot of thee.

Hob. Ha, ha, a merrie jigge, why man, Brocke my mare
knowes ha and ree, and will stand when I crie ho, and let me
get bp and downe, and make water when I doe.

Ed. He giuethee a Noble if I like her pace, lay thy Cow-
bides in my saddle, and lets log towards Drayton.

Hob. It's out of my way, but I begin to like thee well.

Ed. Thou wilt like me better befoze we doe part,
I pray thee tell mee, what say they of the King?

Hob. Of the kings thou mean'st, art thou no blab if I tel thee.

Ed. If the King know't not now, hee shall neuer know it
for mee.

Hob. Masse they say King Harrie's a very aduotrie man.

King. A deuout man, and whats King Edward?

Hob. Hees a franke frantion, a merrie companion, and loues
a wench well, they say he has married a poze widdow because
hees faire.

King. Dost thou like him the worse for that?

Hob. No by my seckens, but the better, for though I bee a
plaine Tanner, I loue a faire lasse my selfe.

King. Præ thee tell mee, how loue they King Edward?

Hob. Faith as poze folks loue hollidaies, glad to haue them
now and then, but to haue them come too often, will vnder
them, so to see the king now and then ti's comfort, but euerie
day would begger vs, and I may to thee, we feare wee shalbe
troubled to lend him no money, for we doubt hees but needie.

King. Wouldst thou lend him no money if he should neede?

Hob. By my hallidomeyes, he shall haue halfe my store,
and the sell sole leather to helpe him to more.

King. Faith whether louest thou better Harry or Edward.

Hob. Say, thats couinsel, & two may keep it, if one be a way.

King. Shal I say my conscience? I think Harry is the true king.

Hob.

The first part of

Hob. Art admide of that? Harrie's of the old house of Lancaster, and that progenitie do I loue.

K. And thou dost not hate the house of Poike?

H. Why no, for I am lust a kin to Sutton Wind-mill, I can grinde which way so ere the wind blow, if it bee Harrie I can say wel fare Lancaster, if it be Edward I can sing, Poike, Poike for my monie.

King. Thou art of my mind, but I say Harrie is the lawfull King, Edward is but an usurper, and a foole and a coward.

H. Say there thou lyest, he has wit inough, and courage inough, dost thou not speake treason?

King. I, but I know to whom I speake it.

Hob. Dost thou? well if I were Constable, I shoulde be forsworne if I set thee not in the stocks for it.

King. Well let it go no further, for I did serue King Harrie and I loue him best, though now I serue King Edward.

Hob. Thou art the arranter knaue to speake ill of thy master, but sirra whats thy name, what office hast thou? and what will the King doe for thee?

King. My name is Ned, I am the Kings Butler, and he will do more for me, then for any poble man in the Court.

Hob. The diuel he wil, bees the more fowle, and so ile tel him, if ere I see him, & I would I might see him in my poore house at Tamworth.

K. Go with me to the Court and ile bring thee to the king, & what sute so ere thou haue to him, ile warrant thee to speake.

H. I ha nothing to do at Court, ile home with my colwids, and if the King will come to me he shall be welcome.

K. Hast thou no sute touching thy trade, to transport hides or sell leather onely in a certaine circuite, or about Barke, or such like, to haue letters pattents?

H. By the Masse and the Pattens I like not those Pattents, sirra they that haue them, doe as the P:ests did in old tyme, buy and sell the sinnes of the people, so they make the King belene they mend whats amisse, and for money they
make

King Edward the fourth.

make the thing worse then it is, theres another thing in tow,
the mo: is the pittie?

K. What pittie Iohn Hobs? I p:ee thee say all.

Hobs. Faith ti's pittie that one subiect should haue in his
hand that might do good to many through the land.

K. Watteff thou me so Tanner? well lets cast lots whether
thou shalt go with me to Drayton, or I go home with thee to
Camworth.

H. Lot me no lotting, ile not goe with thee, if thou wilt go
with me, cause that my Leiges man (and yet I thinke bee
has many honest) thou shalt bee welcome to Iohn Hobs,
thou shalt be welcome to biese and bacon, and perhaps a bag
pudding, and my daughter Nell shall pop a possell vpon thee
when thou goest to bed.

K. Heres my hand, ile but go & see the King seru'de, and fle
be at home as soone as thy selfe.

H. Dost thou heare me Ned? if I shall be thy host,
spake haste thou art best, for feare thou kisse the Post.

Exit, Hobs.

K. Farewell Iohn Hobs, the honest true Tanner

I see platne men by obseruation,

Of things that alter in the chaunge of times,

Dogather knowledge, and the meaneft life,

Proportioned with content sufficiencie,

Is merier then the mightie state of kings.

How now? what newes bring ye vs,

Wheres the Quene?

} Enters How,
} an Sellinger.

Sel. Her Highnes and your mother my dread Lord,

Are both invited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,

Where they entend to feast and lodge this night,

And do expect your Graces presence there.

K. Tom Sellinger I haue other busines;

Astray from you and all my other traine,

I met a Tanner, such a merrie mate,

So frolicke, and so full of good conceit,

That I haue giuen my word to be his guest,

Because

The first part of

Because he knowes me not to be the King:
Good Cosen Howard grudge not at the lest,
But greete my mother and my wife from mee,
Bid them be merrie, I must haue my humoꝝ,
Let them both sup and sleepe when they see time,
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Tell him at breakfast I will visite him.
This night Tom Sellinger and I must feast
With Hobs the Tanner, there plaine Ned & Tom.
No King no; Sellinger foꝝ a thousand pound.

Enter a Messenger booted with letters, and
kneeling giues them to the King.

How. The Queen & Dutches will be discontent,
Because his Highnes comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceit,
But whats the end, the King will haue his pleasure?

King. Good newes my boyes, Harrie the first is dead, peruse
that letter: sirra, drinke you that, giues his purse, and stay not
but possesse backe againe foꝝ life, and thanke my brother Gloster
foꝝ his newes, commende me to him, Ile see him to morrow
night. How like pee it sirs? Exit Messenger.

Sel. A passing well my Liege, you may be merrie foꝝ these
happie newes.

King. The merrier with our host the Tanner Tom,
My Lord take you that letter to the Ladies,
Bidde them be merrie with that second course,
And if wee see them not befoze wee goe,
Pray them to iourney easily after vs,
Whee post to London, so good night my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come Nell, come daughter, is your hands and your
face washed?

Nell. I foꝝsooth father.

Hob. Pre must bee cleanly I tell pee, foꝝ there comes a
Courtrole hither to night, the kings master ships Butler,
Ned, a spruce youth, but beware ye be not in loue noꝝ over-
taken

King Edward the fourth.

taken by him, for Courtiers be slipperie lads.

Nell. No forsooth father.

Hobs. Gods blessing on thee, that halfe yeres schooling at Liechfield, was better to thee then house and land, it has put such manners into thee, I forsooth and no forsooth at euery word, yee haue a cleane smocke on. I like your apparel well, is supper readie?

Nell. I forsooth father.

Hobs. Haue wee a good barley bagpudding, a peece of fat Bacon, a good colw heele, a hard cheese, and a browne loafe.

Nell. All this forsooth, and moze, yee shall haue a posset, but indeed the rats haue spoyled your hard cheese.

Hobs. Now the diuell choake them, so they haue eate mee a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon within. What maister maister.

Hobs. How now knaue, what saist thou Dudgeon?

Dud. Heres guests come, wheres Hellen?

Hobs. What guests be they?

Dud. A courtnole, one Ned the kings Butcher he sayes, and his friends too.

Hobs. Ned the kings butcher? ha, ha, the kings butler, take their horses, and walke them, and bid them come neare house, Nell lay the cloth, and clap supper oth word. Exit Nell.

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Was heres Ned indeed and another misproud Ruffian, Welcome Ned, I like thy honestie, thou keepest promise.

K.Ed. I saith honest Tanner, he euer keepp promise with thee, yee thee bid my friend welcome.

Hobs. By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamwoorth: friend I know not your name.

Sel. My name is Tom Twist?

Hobs. Beleene ye that list: but ye are welcome both, and I like you both well but for one thing.

Sel. Whats that?

Hobs. Nay that I keepe to my selfe, for I figh to see and thinke, that pride bringes many one to extraction.

King,

The first part of

King. Woe thee tell vs thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth I doubt ye nere came truly by all these gay ragges. Its not your bare wages and thinne fees yee haue of the King, can keepe ye thus fine, but eyther yee must rob the King priuily, or his subiectes openly, to maintaine your probicallitie.

Sel. Thinkest thou so Tanner?

Hobs. Its no matter what I thinke, come lets go to supper, What Nell, what Dudgeon, where be these folkes?

Enter Neill and Dudgeon, with a Table covered.

Daughter bid my friends welcome.

Nell. Ye are welcome Gentlemen as I may say.

Sel. I thanke yte faire maid. kisse her both.

King. A prettie wench be my saye.

Hobs. How likest her Ned?

King. I like her so well, I would yee would make mee your sonne in law.

Hobs. And I like thee so well Ned, that hadst thou an occupation, for seruice is no heritage, a young courtier, an olde begger, I could finde in my heart to cast her away vpon thee, and if thou wilt forsake the court and turne Tanner, or bind thy selfe to a shoemaker in Liechfield, Ile giue thee twentie nobles readie money, with my Nell, and trust thee with a dicke of leather, to set vp thy trade.

Sel. Ned he offers ye faire, if ye haue the grace to take it.

King. He does indeed, Tom, and hereafter Ile tell him moze.

Hob. Come sit downe to supper: go to Nell, no moze sheeps eyes, ye may be caught I tell ye, these be licozish lads.

Nell. I warrant ye father, yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serue, but Neds a pearle in mine eye.

Hob. Daughter, cal Dudgeon and his fellows, weele haue a thre men song, to make our guests merrie. Exit Nell.

Passes what court noles are yee: yeele neither talke nor cate, What newes at the court? do somewhat for your meat.

King. Heauie newes there, King Henric is dead.

H. Thats light newes & merie for your master king Edward.

King.

King Edward the fourth.

King. But how will the commons take it?

Hob. Well, God be with good King Henric, faith the commons will take it as a common thing, deaths an honest man, for he spares not the King: for as one comes, anothers taue away, and seldome comes the better, thats all we say.

Sellin. Shrewdly spoken Tanner by my saye.

Hob. Come fill me a cup of mother Wheystones ale, I may drinke to my friendes, and drue downe my tale.

Here Ned and Tom I drinke to ye: and yet if I come to the court, I doubt youle not know me.

King. Yes, Tom shal be thy suretie Tanner I wil know thee.

Sel. If thou dost not Ned, by my troth I beshrew thee.

King. I drinke to my wife that may be.

Sel. Faith Ned thou maist liue to make her a Ladie.

King. Tush, her father offers nothing, hauing no moze children but her.

Hob. I would I had not, condition she had all. But I haue a knaue to my son, I remember him by you, euen such an thrift as one of you two, that spends all on gay cloathes and new fashions, and no work wil downe with him, that I feare heele be hangd, God blesse you from a better fortune, yet you weare such filthy braks, Lord, were not this a good fashion? yes, and would saue many a faire penie.

King. Let that passe, and let vs heare your song.

Hob. Agreed, agreed, come, sol, sol, sol, sa, sa, sa, say Dudgeon.

Here they sing the threemans Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt, know ye not Agencourt,

Where the English slew and hurt,

all the French foemen:

With our Gunnes and billes browne,

O the French were beaten downe,

Morrys pikes and bowmen, &c.

Sel. Well sung good fellows, I would the King heard yee.

Hob. So should I faith, I shoulde Graime a noate for him:

Come take away, and lets to bed, yee shall haue cleane

Shutes

The first part of

Sheets Ned, but they be course, good strong hempe, of my daughters owne spinning, and I tell thee, your Chamber pot, must be a faire horne, a badge of our occupation, for we buy no bending peauter, nor bending earth.

King. No matter Hobs, wee will not go to bed.

Hobs. What then?

King. Euen what thou wilt, for it is neere day.

Tanner, Gramercies for our heartie cheere,

If ere it be thy chance to come to court,

Enquire for mee Ned the Kings butler,

Or Tom of the Kings chamber my companion,

And see what welcome wee will giue thee there.

Hobs. I haue heard of courtiers haue said as much as you, and when they haue been tribe, would not bid their friends drinke.

Sel. We are none such, let our horses bee brought out, for we must away, and so with thanks farewell.

Hob. Farewel to ye both, commend me to the king, & tel him I would haue been glad to haue seen his worship here. Exit.

King. Come Tom for London, horse, and hence away.

Enter the Vice-admirall and the Captaine of the Ille of Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the headsmen bearing the axe before him.

Mor. Thomas Neuil, yet hast thou gracious time
Of deer repentance, now discharge thy conscience,
Lay open thine offences to the world,
That we may witnesse thou dost die a Christian.

Fal. Why sir Harry Moorton haue you arraignde,
Condemnde, and brought me to this place,
Of bloudie execution, and now aske,
If I be guiltie, therein doth appeare,
What iustice you haue vsed, call you this law?
Can thou dost mistake our meaning Falconbridge,
Wee do not aske as being ignorant,
Of thy transgression, but as vrging thee,

King Edward the fourth.

To heartie sorrow for thy vile misdeeds,
That heauen may take compassion on thy soule.

Fal. How charitable you would seeme to bee:
I feare anon youle say it is for lone,
You bind me thus, and bring me to the blocke,
And that of mere affection you are moude
To cut my head off, cunning pollicie:
Such butchers as your selues neuer want,
A colour to excuse your slaughterous minds.

Mor. The butcher thee? canst thou deny thy self,
But thou hast been a pyrate on the sea?
Canst thou denie but with the communaltie
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in armes,
And twice assault the Cittie London, where
Thou twice didst take repulse, and since that time,
Canst thou denie, that being fled from hence,
Thou ioyndst in confederacie with Fraunce,
And camest with them to burn Southampton here,
Are these no faults, thou shuldest so much presume,
To cleare thy selfe, and lay thy bloud on vs?

Fal. Heare me sir Harrie, since we must dispute.

Cap. Dispute vncinfull wretch, what needs dispute,
Did not the Viceadmirall heere, and I
Incountring with the Raue of the French,
Attach thee in a ship of Normandie,
And wilt thou stand vpon thine innocence?
Dispatch, thou art as rightfully condemnde
As ever rebell was. And thou shalt die.

Fal. I make no question of it, I must die,
But let me tell you how I scozne your threats,
So little doo I reckon of the name
Of ougly death, as were he visible,
I'de wraastle with him for the victorie,
And tuggle the slaue, and teare him with my teeth,
But I would make him stope to Falconbridge,
And for this life, this paltrie brittle life,

The First part of

This blast of winde which you haue labourde fo,
By iuries, sessions, and I know not what,
To rob me off, is of so vile repute:
That to attaine that I might līue mine age,
I would not giue the value of a poynnt,
You cannot be so cruell to afflict,
But I will bee as foꝛward to indure.

Mor. Go to, leane of these idle braynes of thine:
And thinke vpon thy soules health Falconbridge.

Cap. Submit and aske foꝛgiuencesse of thy King.

Fal. What King?

Mor. Why Edward of the house of Poꝛke.

Fal. He is no King of mine, he does blurpe,
And if the destinies had giuen me leaue,
I would haue told him so befoꝛe this time,
And puld the Diademe from off his head.

Mo. Thou art a traitoꝛ, stop thy traitoꝛs mouth.

Fal. I am no traitoꝛ, Lancaster is King,
If that be treason to defend his right,
What ist foꝛ them that do impꝛison him?
If insurrection to aduance his scepter,
What fault is theirs that step into his thꝛoane?
Oh God, thou pour'st the balme vpon his head,
Can that pure vnction be wipte off againe?
Thou once didst crowne him in his infancie,
Shall wicked men now in his age depose him?
Oh pardon me, if I expostulate,
More then becomes a sinfull man to doe,
England I feare thou wilt thy folly rue.

Cap. Thou triflest time, and dost but wearie vs
With dilatoꝛie questions, make an end,

Fal. Indeed the end of all kingdomes must end,
Honour and riches, all must haue an end.
And he that thinkes he doth the most pꝛeuaille,
His head once laid, there resteth but a tale:
Come fellow, do thy office, what me thinks,

Thou

King Edward the fourth.

Thou lookest as if thy heart were in thy houle,
Will by thy spirits, it will be quickly done,
A blow or two at most will serue the turne.

Head. Forgiue me sir your death.

Fal. Forgiue thee? I and giue thee too,
Hold, there is some few crowns for thee to drinke,
Lush weepe not man, giue losers leaue to plaine,
And yet I saith my losse I count a gaine,
First let me see, is thy are sharpe inough,

I am indifferent, wel a Gods name to this gear,

Hea. Come & yeeld your head gently to the block,

Fal. Gently saist thou? thou wilt not vse me so:
But all is one for that, what strength hast thou,
Throughtout the whole proportion of thy limbes,
Reuoke it all into thy manly armes,
And spare me not, I am a Gentleman,
A Neuill and a Falconbridge beside,
When do thy worke, thou maist get credit by it,
For if thou dost not, I must tell thee plaine,
I shall be passing angrie when tis done.

Head. I warrant you sir, none in the land shall
do it better.

Fal. Why now thou pleasest me, England farewel
And old Plantagenet, if thou surtiue,
Thinke on my loue, although it did not thine.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
To London, and the promised reward,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southhampton here:
How say you Captaine are you so content?

Cap. With all my heart, but I do maruel much
We heare not of the messenger we sent,
To giue the King intelligence of this:

M. Take truce with your surmises, here he comes.

R 2

Enter

The First part of

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow it seemes that thou art slow of gage,
O verle negligent in our affaires,
What saies King Edward to our service done?
Mes. To answer you directly and as briefly,
I spoke with him, for when I was come
To Drayton Bassett, where they said he was,
I was told me there, that even the night before,
His highnes in all hast, was rid towards London:
The occasion, Henries death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in sundrie tales,
Some thinking he was murdred, some againe
Supposing that he died a naturall death.

Mor. Well how so ere, that concernes not vs,
We haue to doe with no mans death, but his,
That for his treason here hath lost h's head.
Come let vs giue direction as before,
And after ward make back vnto the shoure. Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Maior in his scarlet gowne,
with a gilded rapier by his side.

Ma. I marre Crosbie this befits thee well,
But some wil maruaile that with a scarlet gown,
I weare a gilded rapier by my side:
Why led them know, I was knighted in the field
For my good service to my Lord the king,
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court, in Cittie, or at any royall banquet.
But soft Iohn Crosbie, thou forgetst thy selfe,
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage,
Where thou wast born, & whence thou art deri'd,
I do not shame to say, the Hospitall
Of London was my chiefest fostering place,
There did I learne, that neare vnto a Crosse,
Commonly called Cow Crosse neare Islington,
An honest Cittizen did chaunce to find me,
A poore Shoemaker by trade he was,

And

King Edward the Fourth.

And doubting of my Chyftendome or no,
Calde me according to the place he found me,
Iohn Crosbie, finding me so by a Crosse.
The Maisters of the Hospitall at further yeares,
Bound me appzentise to the Grocers trade,
Wherin God please to blesse my poore endeuors
That by his blessings I am come to this.
The man that found me I haue well requested,
And to the Hospitall my fostering place,
An hundred pound a yeaer I giue for euer,
Like wise in memozye of me Iohn Crosbie
In Bishopgate stræte a poore house haue I built,
And as my name haue called it Crosbie house,
And when as God shall take me from this life,
In little S. Hellens will I be buried:
All this declares, I boast not of my birth,
But found on earth, I must returne to earth.
But God for his pittie I forget my selfe,
The King my Soueraigne Lord wil come anone,
And nothing is as yet in readines. (Shoare?)
Where are ye cosin Shoare? nay where is Mistris
Oh I am soye that thee staies so long,
See what it is to be a widower,
And lacke a Ladie Maioress in such need.

Enter M. Shoare and Mistresse Shoare.

Oh are ye come? welcome good Cosin Shoare,
But you indeed are welcome gentle piece.
Needs must you be our Ladie Maioress now,
And helpe vs, or else we are shamed for euer,
God Cosin still thus am I bolde with you.

Sh. With all my heart my Lord, & thank ye too,
That you do please to vse our homely help.

Ma. Why see how neatly she bestirs her selfe,
And in good sooth makes huswifery to shine:
Ah had my Ladie Maioress liu'de to see
Faie Mistresse Shoare thus beautifie her house,

The First part of

She would haue beene not little proud thereof.

Iane. Tell my Lord Maio, I thanke you for that flout,
But let his Highnesse now come when he please,
All things are in a perfect readines.

They bring forth a Table, and serue in the banquet.

Maio. The more am I beholding piece to you,
That take such paines to saue our credit now:
My seruants are so slacke, his Maestie,
Might haue bene here before we were prepaide,
But peace here comes his Highnes.

The Trumpets sound, and enters king Edward, How.

Sellinger, and the traine.

K. Now my Lord Maio, haue we not kept our word:
Because we could not stay to dine with you:
At our departure hence, we promised,
First food we tasted at our backe returne,
Should be with you, still yeelding heartie thanks,
To you and all our London Cittizens,
For the great service which you did performe
Against that bold fac'de rebell Falconbridge.

M. My gracious Lord what then we did,
We did account no more then was our dutie,
Thereto obliged by true subiects zeale,
And may he neuer live that not defends,
The honoz of his king and countrie:
Next thanke I God, it likes your Maestie,
To blesse my poore wife, with your royall presence,
To me could come no greater happines.

K. Thanks good Lord Maio, but wheres my Ladie Maio:
reffe, I hope that she will bid vs welcome too.

M. Shee would my Ledge, and with no little ioy,
Had she but liu'd to see this blessed day,
But in her stead this Gentlewoman here,
My Cousins wife, that office will supply:
How say you mistresse Shoare?

K. How: mistresse Shoare? what not his wife

That

King Edward the Fourth.

That did refuse his knighthood at our hand:

Ma. The verie same my Lord and here hee is.

K. What M. Shoare, we are your debter still,
But by Gods grace entend not so to die:
And Gentlewoman, now befoze your face,
I must condemne him of discourtesie,
Pea, and of great wrong that he hath offred you,
For you had beene a Ladie but for him.
He was in fault, trust me he was to blame,
To hinder vertue of her due by right.

Ia. My gracious L. my poore & humble thoughts,
Here had an eye to such vnworthinesse,
And though some hold it as a maxime,
That womens minds by nature doe aspre,
Yet how both God and M. Shoare I thanke
For my continuance in this humble state,
And likewise how I loue your Maieste:
For gracious sufferance that it may be so:
Heauen beare true recozd of my inward scale:
Now it remaines, on my Lord Maiors behalfe,
I doe such dutie as becommeth me,
To bid your Highnesse welcome to his house,
Where welcomes vertue powerfull in my word,
The King of England should not doubt thereof.

K. For do I mistris Shoare, now my Lo. Maior
Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome,
You spake the word well, verie well ifaith,
But mistris Shoare her tongue hath guiled it,
Tell me Cousin Howard and Tom Sellinger,
Had euer Cittizen so faire a wife?

How. Of flesh and bloud I neuer did behold,
A woman euerie way so absolute.

Sel. For I my Ledge, were Sellinger a King,
He could affoord Shoures wife to be a Quene.

K. Why how now Tom? Pay rather how now Ned?
What chaunge is this? proud, saucie reauing eye,

The First part of

What whisperst in my brain, that she is faire?
I know it, I see it, saye then my Quene:
Willst thou maintain it: what & thou traitor heart,
Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspiracie?
Downe rebell, backe base trecherous conceit,
I will not credite thee, my Bess is faire,
And Shoares wife but a blouze, comparde to her,
Come let vs sit, here will I take my place.
And my Lord Maior, fill me a bowle of wine,
That I may drinke to your elected Maiorresse,
And M. Shoare tell me how like you this,
My L. Maior makes your wife his L. Maiorresse:
Sho. So well my Lord as better cannot be,
All in the hono^r of your Maiestie.

The Lord Maior brings a bowle of wine, & hum-
bly on his knees offers it to the king.

Kin. Pay drinke to vs L. Maior, wee haue it so,
Go to I say, you are our Master now,
Drinke then, and we will pledge yee.

M. Al health & happines to my soueraign.

he drinks,

K. Fill full our cup, and Ladie Maiorresse,
This full carouse we meane to drinke to you,
And you must pledge vs, but yet no more,
Then you shall please to answer vs withall.

He drinks, & the Trumpets sound, then wine is
brought to her, and she offers to drinke.

Pay you must drinke to some body, yea Tom to thee?
Well sirra, see you doe her right:

For Edward would, oh would to God he might.

Yet idle eye, wilt thou be gadding still?

Keepe home, keepe home, for feare of further ill.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

How now: letters to vs, from whom?

Mess. My Liege, this from the D. of Burgundy.
And this is from the Constable of Fraunce.

K. What newes from them?

He

King Edward the fourth.

He opens the letter and reads.

To clayme our right in Fraunce?
And they will ayde vs, yea, will ye so?
But other ayde must ayde vs ere we goe.

He seemes to read the letters but glaunces on
Mistresse Shoare in his reading.

A womans aid, that hath moze power then France
To crowne vs, or to kill vs with mischance.
If chaste resolute be to such beauntie tyed,
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be still denied,
Her husband hath deserved well of thee,
But, love makes no respect where ere it be,
Thou wrongst thy Quene: euerie enforced ill,
Must be endur'd, where beauntie seeks to kill:
Thou seemst to read, onely to blind their eyes,
Who knowing it, thy folly would despise.

He starts from the Table.

Thanks for my cheare L. Maior, I am not well,
I know not how to take these newes. This fit I weene,
That hath bereft me of all reason can be.

M. God shield my Soueraigne.

K. Pay nothing I shall be well anon.

Ian. May it please your Highnes sit.

K. I, faine with thee, nay we must needs be gon,
Cousin Howard conuey these letters to our counsel,
And bid them giue vs their aduise of them,
Thanks for my cheare L. Maior, farewell to you
And farewell Mistresse Shoare, La. Maiorresse I should say,
It's you haue caused our parting at this time.
Farewell M. Shoare, farewell to all,
Weele meet once moze to make amends for this.

Excunt King. How. and Sel.

M. Oh God here to be ill?

My house to cause my Soueraignes discontent?
Cousin Shoare I had rather spent.

Sho. Content your selfe my L. kings haue their humors,

The

The first part of

The letters did containe somewhat no doubt,
That did displease him.

Jane. So my Lord thinke I,
But by Gods helpe he will be well againe.

M. I hope so too, well Cousin for your paines,
I can but thanke ye, chiefly you faire Piece,
At night I pray ye both come sup with me.
How say ye? will ye?

Sh. Yes my Lord wee will.
So for this time we humbly take our leave.

Exeunt Shoare and his wife.

M. Oh now the sudden sicknesse of my Ledge,
Afflicteth my soule with many passions:
His Highnes did intend to be right merrie,
And God he knowes how it would glad my soule,
If I had seene his Highnes satisfied
With the poore entertainment of his Palace,
His humble vassaile, whose lands, whose life and all
Are, and in dutie must be alwaies his.
Well, God I trust will blesse his Graces health,
And quickly ease him of his sudden fit.
Take away there he, and this place,
And God of heauen blesse my Soueraignes Grace. Exit.

Enter two prentizes preparing the Goldsmiths
Shop with plate.

1. Pren. Sirra Jacke, come set out.

2. Pren. You are the elder Prentise, I pray you do it, least
my mistress talke with you when she comes downe, what is
it a clocke?

1. Pren. Sir by Alhallowes.

2. Pren. Lying and Stealing will bring ye to the Gallies.
Is here all the plate?

1. Pren. I that must serue to day,
Where is the weights and ballance?

2. Pr. All ready, hark my mistress comes. Exit 1. Pren.

Enter Mistress Shoare with her worke in her hand,

Jane.

King Edward the fourth.

Iane. Sir boy, while I attend the shop my selfe,
See if the workeman haue dispatcht the Cup,
How many ounces weighes it:

2. Pren. Twentie soz soth.

Iane. What said the Gentleman to the fashion?

2. Pren. He told my maister I was not within.

Iane. Go sir make hast, your W. is in Cheape side:
Take heed ye were best your loytring be not spide.

The boy departs, & she sits sowing in her shop.

Enter the king disguised.

K. Well fare a case to put a King in pet,
Good mistress Shoare this doth your loue procure,
This shape is secret, and I hope ti's sure,
The Watermen that daily vse the Court,
And see me often, knew me not in this,
At Lyon key I landed in their view,
Yet none of them tooke knowledge of the King,
If any gallant strue to haue the wall,
He yelde it gently: Soft here must I turne,
Heeres Lombard streete, and heres the Bellican,
And theres the Whentr in the Bellicans nest,
O rare perfection of rich natures worke,
Bright twinkling sparke of pretious Diamond,
Of greater value then all India,
Were there no Sunne, by whose kind louely heat
The earth brings forth those stones we hold of prize,
Her radiant eyes delected to the ground,
Would turne each peble to a Diamond.
Gaze grae die eyes and be not satisfied,
Will you finde rest, where hearts desire doth bide.

Ia. What would you buy sir that you looke on here?

K. Your fairest iewel, bee it not too deare.

First how this Saphyre mistress that you weare?

Iane. Sir it is right that will I warrant yee,
No Jeweller in London sholwes a better.

K. No, no, the like, you praise it passing well.

Iane.

The first part of

Iane. Do I: no, if some Lapidary had the stone, more would not buy it then I can demaund. Tis as well let I thinke as ere yee saw.

K.Ed. Tis set indeed vpon the fairest hand, that ere I saw.

Iane. You are disposed to sell, but for value, his Maies^{tie} might weare it.

K.Ed. Might he faisth?

Iane. Sir tis the ring I meane.

K.Ed. I meant the hand.

Iane. You are a merrie man,
I see you come to cheape, and not to buy.

K.Ed. Yet hee that offers fairer then ile doe, shal hardly find a partner in his bargaine.

Iane. Perhaps in buying things of so smal value?

King. Rather because no wealth can purchase it.

Ian. He were too fond, that would so highly prize,
The thing which once was giuen away for loue.

Kin. His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Iane. The gift so small, that aske, who could denie it?

King. Oh she gaue more, that such a gift then gaue,
Then earth ere had, or world shal euer haue.

Iane. His hap is ill, should it be as you say,
That hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King. That easely proues he doth not know the worth.

Iane. Yet hauing had the vse of it so long,
It rather proues you ouer rate the thing,
He being a chapman, as it seemes you are.

King. Indeed none should aduenture on the thing,
Thats to bee purchast onely by a King.

Iane. If Kings loue that, which no man else respects,
It may be so, else do I see small reason,
A King should take delight in such course stufte.

King. Lues there a King, that would not giue his crowne,
To purchase such a kingdome of content?

Iane. In no conceit, right well you aske that question.

The

King Edward the fourth.

The world I thinke containes not such fond king.

King. Why mistress Shoare, I am the man will do it.

Iane. Its proudly spoke, although I not beleue it,
Were he King Edward that should offer it.

King. But shall I haue it?

Iane. Upon what acquaintance?

King. Why since I saw thee last.

Iane, Where was that?

K. At the L. Palors, in the presence of the King.

Iane. I haue forgotten that I saw you there,
For there were many that I tooke small note of.

King. Of me you did, and we had some discourse.

Iane. You are deceiued Sir, I had then no time,
For my attendance on his maiestie.

King. Ile gage my hand vnto your hand of that,
Looke well vpon me.

He discovers himselfe.

Iane. Now I beseech you let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldnes to your maiesty. (she kneels.

What euer we possesse is all your highnesse,
Onely mine honoz, which I cannot grant,

K. Onely thy loue (bright angel) Edward craues,
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.

Enter Maister Shoare.

Ia. But here comes one, to whom I only gaue it.
And he I doubt will say you shal not haue it.

King. Am I so soone cut off? oh spight.

How say ye mistress, will ye take my offer?

Ia. Indeed I cannot sir affoord it so.

King. Youle not be offered fairlier I beleue.

Iane. Indeed you offer like a Gentleman,
But yet the iewel will not so be left.

Sho. Sir, if you bid not too much vnder-foot,
Ile dztue the bargaine twixt you and my wife.

K. Alas good Shoare, my selfe dare answere no.
Nothing can make thee such a iewel forgoe.

King aside.

Sho

The First part of

She saith you shall be too much losse by it.

Sho. See in the row then, if you can speed better.

King. See many worlds arow, affords not like.

As he goes forth, Shoare lookes earnestly, and perceiues it is the king, whereat he seemeth greatly discontented.

I. Why lookst thou Ma? knowst thou the gentleman?

Alas what ailes thee that thou lookst so pale?

What chere sweet hart: alas, where hast thou been?

Sho. Pay nothing Iane, know you the Gentleman?

Iane. Not I sweet heart, alas why do you aske?

Is he thine enemy?

Sho. I cannot tell,

What came hee here to cheapen at our shoppe?

Iane. This Jewell loue.

Sho. Well I pray God he came for nothing else.

Iane. Why who is it? I do suspect him Shoare.

What you demaund thus doubtedly of me.

Sho. Ah Iane, it is the King.

Ia. The king? what then? ist for that thou sighst?

Were he a thousand kings thou hast no cause

To feare his presence, or suspect my loue.

Sho. I know I haue not, see he comes againe.

The king enters againe, muffled in his cloake.

King. Still is my binder there: be patient heart,

Some fitter season must allwaie the smart.

What will ye take that miserie which I offered ye?

I come againe sir, as one willing to buy.

Iane. Indeed I cannot sir, I pray ye

Deale with my husband, heare what he will say.

Sho. He sell it worth your money, if you please,

I pray you come neare sir.

King. I am too nere already, thou so neere.

Pay, nay, she knowes what I did offer her,

And in good sadnesse, I can giue no more,

So fare ye well sir, I will not deale with you.

Exit.

Iane.

King Edward the fourth.

Ia. You are deceiue (sweet heart) tis not the king,
Thinke you hee would adventure thus alone?

Sho. I do assure thee I am it is the King.

Oh God, twist the extreames of loue and feare,

In what a shivering ague sits my soule?

Keepe wee our treasure secret, yet so fond,

As set so rich a beautie as this is,

In the wide view of euery gazers eye.

Oh traitor, beautie, oh deceitfull good,

That dost conspire against thy selfe and loue,

So sooner got, but lost againe of others,

In thine owne selfe, inuious to thy selfe,

Oh rich poore portion, thou good euil thinge

How many ioyfull woes still dost thou bring?

Ia. I pray thee come, sweet loue, and sit by mee,

No king thats vnder heauen I loue like thee. Exit.

Enter sir Humphrey Bowes, and maister Aston, being
two Iustices, Harrie Grudgen, Robert God-
fellow, and Iohn Hobs the Tanner.

Bow. Neighbors and friends, the cause that you are called,

Concernes the Kings most excellent maiestie,

Whose right you know by his progenitors,

Unto the Crowne and soueraintie of France,

Is wrongfully detained by the French,

Which to reuenge and royally regaine.

His Highnes meanes to put himselfe in Armes.

And in his princely person to conduct

His warlike troupes against the enemye.

But for his Coffers are unfurnished,

Through civil discorde and intestine warre,

(Whose bleeding scarres our eyes may yet behold)

He prates his faithfull louing subjects helpe,

To further this his iust great enterprize.

Hobs. So the fecke and meaning, whereby as it
were of all your long purgation Sir Humphrey is no
more in some respect, but the king wants money & would
hang

The First part of

haue some of his Comentie.

Bo. Tanner you rightly vnderstand the matter.

Ast. Note this withal, where his dread Maestie,
(Our lawfull Soueraigne, and most royal King)
Might haue exacted or imposde a Taxe
Or borrowed greater summes then we can spare,
(For all we haue is at his dread command,)
He doth not so, but mildly doth entreat
Our kind beneuolence, what we will giue,
With willing minds towards this mighty charge.

Enter Lord Howard.

Which to receiue, his noble Counsellor
And kinsman the Lord Howard here is come.

H. Now good sir Humphrey Bowes, and M. Aston,
Haue ye declared y^e kings most gracious pleasure?

Bo. We haue my Lord.

How. His highnes will not force,
As loane or tribute, but wil take your gift,
In gratefull part and recompence your loue.

B. To shew my loue, though mony now be scarce
A hundred pound he giue his Maestie.

Ho. Tis well sir Humphrey.

Aston. I a hundred markes.

Ho. Thanks M. Aston, you both shew your loue,
Now aske your neighbors what they will bestow?

Bow. Come master Hadland your beneuolence.

Had. O good sir Humphrey do not racke my purse,
You know my state, I lately sold my land.

Aston. Then you haue money, let the king haue part.

Hob. I, do master Hadland do, they say ye sold a foule deale
of durtie land for faire gold and silver, let the king haue some
now while you haue it, for if yee bee forborne a while, all
will be spent, for he that cannot keepe land that lies fast, wil
haue much a do to hold money, tis slipperie ware, tis melting
ware, tis melting ware.

How. Gramercy Tanner.

Bowes.

King Edward the fourth.

Bowes. Say, what shall we haue?

Hadland. My fortye shillings.

Aston. Robert Goodfellowe.

I know you will be liberall to the King.

Good. M. Aston be content I pray ye,
You know my charge, my household very great,
And my housekeeping holdes me verie bare:
Threescore byrds, and dooene lying Sir,
Spends no small store of vittailles in a yeare,
Two brace of Greyhounds, xx. couple of hounds,
And then my ladies deuoure a deale of Cozne,
My Christmas cost, & then my friends that come
Amounts to charge, I am Robin Goodfellow,
That welcomes all and keeps a frolicke house,
I haue no money pray ye pardon me.

How. Heres a plaine Tanner can teach you how to thysue,
Keep fewer dogs, and then ye may fede men:
Yet fede no idle men, tis needles charge,
You that on hounds and hunting mates will spend,
No doubt but something to your King youle lend.

Good. My brace of Angels, by my troth thats all.

Hob. Masse and tis well thy Curres haue left so much,
I thought they would haue eaten by thy house and land ere
this.

Bowes. Now Harrie Grudgen.

Grudgen. What would you haue of mee? Money I haue
none, and he sell no stocke, heres olde polling, subsidie, fifteen,
soldiers, and to the poore, and you may haue your will, youle
sone shut me out a doore.

Hob. Peare ye worships, will ye let me answer my neigh-
bour Grudgen? By my hallidome Harry Grudgen, tha't but a
grumbling, grudging Churle, thou hast two ploughes going,
and neare a Cradle rocking, tha't a pecke of money, goe to,
turne the lose, thou'lt goe to law with the Vicar for a tyth
goose, and wilt not spare the King foure or five pound.

Grudgen. Oep goodman Tanner, are ye so round? your
prolicatenes

The first part of

prolicatenes has brought your sonne to the gallowes almost,
you can be franke of an other mans cost.

Hob. What no honest man to twist me with my sonne, hee
may cut line thee yet so; ought that hee has done, my
sonnes ith gayle, is hee the first has beene there, and thou
wert a man, as that a beast, I would hane thee by the eares.
Weeping.

How. Friend thou wantst the nurture, so bypazd a Father
With a sonnes fault, we sit not here so; this;
Whats thy benecolence towards his maiestie?

Hob. His beneglignce: hang him heele not giue a pennis
willingly.

Gr. I care not much to cast away soztie pence.

Ho. Out grudging peasant, base ill norturd growne,
Is this the loue thou bearest vnto the King?
Gentlemen take notice of the state,
And if he fault let him be soundly plagude?

Now frolicke Tanner, what wilt thou afforde?

Hob. Twentie olde Angels and a scoze of hides, if that be
to little, take twentie Nobles moze, while I haue it my king
shall spend of my store.

How. The King shall know thy louing liberall heart.

Hob. Shall hee ifaith, I thanke ye heartely, but heare ye
Gentleman, you come from the Court?

How. I doe.

Hob. Lord how does the King, and how does Ned the
Kings Butler, and Tom of his Chamber, I am sure ye know
them?

How. They doe verie well.

Hob. For want of better guests they were at my house one
night.

How. I know they were.

Hob. They promist me a good turne so; kissing my daugh-
ter Nell, and now I ha cagion to trie them, my sonnes in
Dybell here in Caperochie, itha Gayle so; peeping into a
nother mans purse, and outstep the King be miserable, hees
like

King Edward the fourth.

like to totter, can that same Ned the Butler doe any thing with the King?

How. Poze then my selfe, or any other Lord.

Hob. A halter he can, by my troth yee reiounce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court I warrant thy sonnes life, Ned will save that, and do the greater good.

Hob. Ile weane Bzooke my mares sole, and come vp to the King, and it shall go hard but two fat hens for your paines I will bring.

Bowes. My Lord this fellow gladly now will give, five pounds so you will pardon his rude speech.

How. For five and five I cannot bzooke the beast.

Grud. What gives the Tanner, I am as able as hee.

Aston. He gives ten pound.

Grud. Take twentie then of me.

I pray yee my Lord forgive my rough beaud speech
I wis I ment no hurt vnto my Ledge.

Bowes. Let vs entreat your Lordships patience.

How. I do at your request remit the offence,
So lets depart, heres all we have to doe.

Ast. Tis for this time and place my Lord, sirra bring your money.

Hob. What haue you sau'de now Goodman Grudgen, by your binching and your pinching, not the worth of a blacke pudding.
Exeunt.

Enter mistris Shoare, and mistris Blage.

M. Bla. Now mistris Shoare, what vrgent cause is that, which made ye send for me in such great haste? I promise ye it made me halfe afraid, you were not well.

Iane. Trust me, no, sicke, no, well, but troubled still with the disease I told yee: heere is another letter from the King, was neuer poore soule so importuned.

M. Bla. But will no answer serue?

Iane. No mistris Blage, no answer will suffice,
Ye, he it is, that with a violent sledge

The first part of

Labours to breake into my plighted faith,
Oh what am I, he should so much forget
His royall State, and his high maiestie?
Still doth he come disguised to my house,
And in most humble termes bewaies his loue,
My husband gréues, alas how can he chouse,
Fearing the dispossessement of his Iane?
And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,
Offering beside incomparable gifts,
And all to winne me to his princely will.

M. Bla. Beléue me M. Shoare, a dangerous case,
And euery way repeat with doubtfull feare,
If you should yeld, your vertuous name were sold
And your beloued husband made a scozne,
And if not yeld, its likely that his loue,
Which now admires ye, will conuert to hate,
And who knowes not a princes hate is death?
Yet I will not be she shall counsaile yee,
Good mistresse Shoare do what ye will for me.

Iane. Then counsaile me what I were best to do.

M. B. You know his greatnes & a dispense with it,
Making the sinne seeme lesser by his worth,
And you your selfe, your children & your friends,
Be all aduanced to worldly dignitie,
And this worlds pompe you know is a godly thing,
Yet I will not be shee shall counsaile ye,
Good mistresse Shoare doe what ye will for mee.

Iane. Alas I know that I was bound by oath,
To keepe the promise that I made at first,
And vertue liues, when pompe consumes to dust.

M. Blague. So we do say, dishonour is no shame,
When slaunder does not touch th' offenders name,
You shall be folded in a princes armes,
Whose becke disperseth euen the greatest harmes,
Many that sit themselves in high degree,
Will then be glad to stoope, and bende the knee,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And who ist, hauing plentie in the hand,
Fewer commaunded, but doth still commaund,
That cannot worke in such excesse of things,
To quit the guilt one small transgression bring?
Yet I will not be shee shall counsaile ye,
Good mistresse Shoare do what ye will for mee.

Iane. Here do I lye, although in meane estate,
Yet with a conscience free from all debate,
Where higher footing may in time procure,
A sudden fall, and mixe my swæte with sorowe.

Mi. Blague. True, I confesse a priuate life is good,
For would I otherwise be vnderstood,
To be a Goldsmiths wife is some content,
But daies in court moze pleasantly are spent,
A households gouernment deserues renowne,
But what is a companion to a crowne?
The name of mistresse is a prettie thing,
But Adam at each word doth glozy bring.
Yet I will not be shee shal counsel yee,
Good mistresse Shoare do what ye will for mee.

Ia. Oh that I knew which were the best of twain,
Which for I do not, I am sick with paine.

Enter her Boy.

How now sir boy, what is the newes with you?

Boy. The Gentleman forsooth the other day,
That would haue bought the te well at our stall,
Is here to speake with yee.

Iane. Oh God it is the King.

Good mistresse Blague withdrow ye from this place,
He come anon, so soone as he is gone,
And sirra get you to the shop againe. Exit Boy.

M. Bla. Now mistris Shoare bethink ye what to do.
Such suiters come not euerie day to wooe.

Mistris Blague departs, and the king enters in
his former disguise.

K. Thou maist conuict me (beauties pride) of boldnes,

The first part of

That I intrude like an vnbidden guest,
But loue being guide, my fault will seem the lesse.

Ia. Most welcome to your subjects homely rose,
The same my Soueraigne, seldome doth offend,
Vnlesse the heart some other hurt intend.

King. The most thou seest is hurt vnto my selfe
How for thy sake, is maiestie disroabde?
Riches made poore, and dignitie brought low,
Onely that thou mightst our affection know.

Iane. The more the pittie, that within the skie,
The sunne that should all other vapours dye,
And guide the world with his most glorious light
Is muffled vp himselfe in wilfull night.

K. The want of thee, faire Cinthia is the cause,
Spread thou thy silver-brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the glad some morning will appeare.

Iane. I may not wander, he that guides my carre,
Is an immoued, constant, fixed starre,

Ki. But I will giue that starre a comets name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.

Iane. How if the host of heauen at this abuse
Repine? who can the prodigie excuse?

K. It lies within the compasse of my powre,
To dim their enuious eyes, dare seeme to lowre,
But leauing this our Enigmatike talke,
Thou must sweet Iane repaire vnto the Court,
His tongue intreats, controls the greatest pære,
His hand plights loue, a royall scepter holds,
And in his heart hee hath confirme thy good,
Which may not, must not, shal not be withstood.

Iane. If you enforce me, I haue nought to say,
But wish I had not liued to see this day.

K. Blame not the time, thou shalt haue cause to ioy.
Iane in the euening I will send for thee,
And thou and thine shall bee aduancde by mee.
In signe whereof receiue this true-loue kisse,

Nothing

King Edward the fourth.

Nothing I meant, there can be no amisse. Exit.

Iane. Well I will in, and ere the time beginne,
Learne how to be repentant for my sinne. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, maister Shoare and Fraun-
ces Emersley.

Maior. But Cousin Shoare, are yee assurde it was the King
you saw in such disguise?

Sho. Do I know you the uncle to my wife? know I Franke
Emersley her brother here? so surely doe I know that coun-
terfeit to bee King.

Fran. Well, admit all this. And that his Majestie in such dis-
guise, please to surney the maner of our City, or what occasion
else may like himselfe. Yee thinks you haue small reason bro-
ther Shoare, to be displeasde thereat.

Ma. Oh I haue found him now.

Because my piece his wife is beautifull,
And well reputed for her vertuous parts:
He in his fond conceit misdoubts the King,
Doth doate on her in his affection.
I know not Cousin how she way be change,
By any cause in you procuring it,
From the faire carriage of her wonted course:
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,
Shee merited no scruple of mislike.
If now some gyddie fancie in your braine,
Make you conceiue sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference.
I tell you Cousin, more for her respect,
Then to sooth you in such sottishnes,
I would reueale yee open to the world.
And let your folly instantly plague your selfe.

Sho. Uncke you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennes,
Your pieces reputation haue I prizde,
And thyned as deuoutly in my soule
As you, or any that it can concerne.

The first part of

For when I tell you that it is the King,
Comes muffled like a common Seruingman,
Doe I inferre thereby my wife is false?
O: swerues one iot from wonted modestie.
Though in my shop shee sit, more to respect,
Her seruants dutie, then for any skill,
Shee doth, or can pretend in what we trade,
Is it not strange, that euer when he comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with me?
Ah Uncle Franke, nay, would all her kin,
Were here to censure of my cause aright:
Though I misdeeme not her, yet giue me leaue,
To doubt what his shee walking may intend.
And let me tell y^e, hee that is possesse,
Of such a beautie, feares vndermining guests:
Especially a mightie one, like him,
Whose greatnes may guilde ouer bgly sinne.
But say his coming is not to my wife,
Then hath he some shee aiming at my life,
By false compounded mettals, or light gold,
Or else some other trifle to be sold.
When kings themselves so narrowly do pry
Into the world, men feare, and why not I?
Fran. Beloeue me brother in this doubtful case
I know not well how I should answere y^e,
I wonder in this serious busie time,
Of this great gathered beneuolence,
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoile of his Lords,
Pea of the whole estate in generall,
He can be spared from these great affaires,
And wander here disguised in this sort.
But is not this your boy?

Enter the Boy.

Sho. Yes marie is it: how now, what newes with thee?
Boy. Maister, my mistresse by a Nobleman,

King Edward the fourth.

Is sent for to the King in a close Coach,
Shes gon with him, these are the newes I bring.

Ma. How? my piece sent for to the King?
By a Nobleman, and she is gone with him?
Say, then I like it not:

Fran. How, gone saist thou?

S. Be patient Uncle, for me not gentle Franke:
The wrong is mine, by whom? a King.
To talke of such it is no common thing.
She is gone thou saist?

Boy. Yes truly sir, tis so.

Sho. I cannot helpe it, a Gods name let her goe,
You cannot helpe it Uncle, no, nor you,
Where kings are medlers, meaner men must rue.
I for me against it: no, fare well Ianc Shoare.
Once thou wast mine, but must be so no more.

Maio. Gone to the Court? Exit Maio.

Sho. Yet buckle will ye rage?
Let mine example pour high heat allwage.
To note offences in a mightie man,
It is inough, amend it he that can,
Franke Emersley, my wife thy sister was,
Lands, goods and all I haue, to thee I passe,
Haue that poore portion must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloque,
It neuer shall be said that Mathew Shoare,
A Kings dishonour in his bonnet wore.

Fran. Good brother.

Sh. Strive not to change me, for I am resolut,
And will not tarrise. England fare thou well,
And Edward, for requiting me so well,
But dare I speake of him? for beare, for beare,
Come Franke I will surrender all to thee,
And then abroad, where ere my fortune be

Exeunt.

Enter king Edward, Howard, Sellinger, &c.

K. And haue our countrie subjects bene so franke

And

The first part of

And bountifull in their beneuolence,
Toward our present expedition?
Thanks Cousin Howard for thy paines heretofore
We will haue letters sent to euery Shire
Of thankfull gratitude, that they may know,
How highly we respect their gentlenes.

How. One thing my L. I had wel nere forgot,
Your pleasant host the Tanner of Lambworth.

King. What of him Cousin?

How. Hee was right liberall,
Twentie old Angels did he send your Grace,
And others seeing him so bountifull,
Stretcht further then otherwile they had done.

K. Trust me I must requite that honest Tanner.
Oh had he kept his word, and come to Court,
Then in good sadnesse we had had good sport.

How. That is not long my L. which comes at last
Hees come to London, on an earnest cause,
His sonne lies prisoner in Safford Tayle,
And is condemned for a robberie.

Your Highnesse pardoning his sonnes offence,
May yeld the Tanner no meane recompence.

K. But who hath seen him since he came to towne?

Scl. My Lord in Holborne twas my hap to see him
Gazing about, I sent away my men,
And clapping on one of their liuerie cloakes,
Came to him, and the Tanner knew we strait,
How dost thou Tom? and how doth Ned quoth he
That honest merrie hangman, how doth he?
I knowing that your Maestie intended
This day in person to come to the Tower,
There had him mette me, where Ned and I,
Would bring him to the presence of the King,
And there procure a pardon for his sonne.

King. Haue then a care we be not sene of him,
Untill we bee prouided for the purpose,

Because

King Edward the fourth.

Because once more weele haue a little sport,
Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.

Sel. I warrant ye my Lord let me alone.

Enter the Lord Maior.

K. Welcome L. Maior, what haue you signified
Our thankfulness vnto our Citizens,
For their late gathered benenolence?

Ma. Before the Citizens in our Guildhall,
Maister Recorder made a good Oration,
Of thankfull gratitude vnto them all,
Which they receiued with so kind respect,
And loue vnto your royall maiestie,
As it appearede to vs they sorrowed,
Their bountie to your Highnesse was no more,

King. Lord Maior, thanks to your selfe and them,
And go ye with vs now into the Tower,
To see the order that we shall obserue,
In this so needfull preparation,
The better may you signifie to them,
What need there was of their benenolence.

Ma. Ile waite vpon your gracious maiestie,
Yet there is one thing that much grieueth me. aside.

Exeunt.

Enter Shoare, & two watermen bearing his trunks.

Sho. Go honest fellow, beare my trunks aboord,
And tell the maister ile come presently.

Enter mistris Shoare Lady-like attired, with diuers
supplications in her hand, she vnpinning her
maske, & attended on by many suitors.

1. Wa. We wil sir, but what Ladie haue we here?
Belike she is of no meane countenance,
What hath so many suitors waiting on her.

Sho. Go one of you I pray ye, enquire her name,

1. Wa. My honest friend, what Ladie call ye this?

Aire. Her name is mistris Shoare, the kings belou'd,

The first part of

A speciall friend to suitors at the court.

S. Her name is mistress Shoare the kings beloved,
Where shall I hide my head, or stop mine eares,
But like an owle I shall be wonyzed at:
When she with me was wont to walk the streets,
The people then as she did passe along,
Would say, there goes faire modest mistress Shoare,
When she attended like a Cittie Dame,
Was praised of matrons. So that Cittizens,
When they would speake of ought vnto their wiues
Fetcht their example still from mistress Shoare,
But now she goes deckt in her courtly robes,
This is not shee, that once in seemely blacke,
Was the chaste sober wife of Mathew Shoare,
For now she is King Edwards Concubine,
Of great ill title, honourable shame,
Her good I had, but King her ill is thine,
Once Shoares true wife, now Edwards Concubine,
Amongst the rest Ile note her new behaviour.

All this while she stands conferring priuately with her
sutors, and looking on their bills.

Aire. Good mistress Shoare remember my sons life.

Iane. What is thy name?

Aire. My name is Thomas Aire.

Iane. There is his pardon signed by the King.

Aire. In signe of humble heartie thankfulness,
Take this in Angels twentie pound.

Iane. What thinke ye, that I buy & sell for bribes,
His highnesse fauour, or his subiects blood?

No, without gifts God grant I may do good,

For all my good cannot redeme my ill,

Yet to do good I will endeavour still.

Sho. Yet all this good doth but guild ore thy ill.

aside.

Palmer. Mistress the restitution of my lands,
Taken perforce by his highnesse officers.

Iane. The King is content your goods shall be restor'd,

But

King Edward the fourth.

But the officers will hardly yeld thereto,

Pet bee content, ile see ye haue no wzong.

Sho. Thou canst not say to mee so, I haue wzong.

Lockie. Mistris gude faith gin peeple helpe me till my laund,
whilke the faulse loune Billie Grime of Glendale hauds wzan-
fully frae me: ile white your gudenes with a bonnie rag, sall
swum away so destly as the winde.

Iane. Your sute my friend, requires a longer time,
Pet since you dwell so farre off, to ease your charge,
Your diet with my seruants you may take,
And some reliefe ile get thee of the King.

Sho. Its cold reliefe thou getst mee from the King.

Lockie. Now Gods blessing light on that gudely faire face,
ile be your true headsmann mistresse, I indead, sal I.

Pal. God blesse the care you haue of doing good.

Aire. Wittie she should miscarrie in her life,
That beares so swete a mind in doing good.

Sho. So say I too, ah Iane this kills my heart,
That thou recks others, and not ru' thy smart.

Rufford. Mistresse I feare you haue forgot my sute:

Iane. Oh, tis soz a licence to transport cozne from this land,
and lead to sozrain Realmes, I had your bil, but I haue tozne
your bill, and tware no shame I thinke, to teare your eares,
that care not how you wound the commonwealth. The poze
must sterue soz food to fill your purse. And the enemy bandie
bullets of our lead. No maister Rufford, ile not speake soz you,
except it be to haue you punished.

Lockie. By the messe a deff lasse, Chzist benison light on her.

She espies her husband walking aloofe off, and not
knowing him, takes him for another Sutor.

Iane. Is that another sutoz? I haue no bill of his,
Go one of you, and know what he would haue.

Sho. Yes Iane, the bill of my obliged faith,
And I had thine, but thou hast cancelld it.

Here she knowes him, and lamenting,
comes to him,

Iane,

The first part of

Iane. Oh God it is my husband, kind Mathew Shoare.

Shoare. Ah Iane, whats he dare say he is thy husband?
Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so,
Thou wast a maide, a maide when thou wast toise,
Thou wast a wife even when thou wast a maide,
So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast,
But now thou art diuorced, whiles yet hee liues,
That was thy husband, while thou wast his wife.
Thy wise hood stainde, by thy dishonoured life,
For now thou art noz widdow, maide, noz wife.

Iane. I must confesse I yeelded by the force,
Wherein lay all the riches of my ioy,
But yet sweete Shoare, before I yeelded it,
I did endure the longest and greatest siege,
That euer battred on poore chastitie,
And but to him that did assault the same,
For euer it had bene inuincible,
But I will yeld it backe againe to thee.
He cannot blame me, though it be so done,
To loose by me, what first by me was wonne.

Sho. No Iane, there is no place allowde for mee,
Where once a King hath tane possession,
Heane men broke not a Riual in their lone,
Such lesse so high burualde Palestie,
A concubine to one so great as Edward.
Is farre too great to be the wife of Shoare,

Iane. I will refuse the pleasures of the Court;
Let me go with thee Shoare, though not as a wife,
Yet as thy slane, since I haue lost that name,
I will redeme the wrong that I haue done thee,
With my true seruice, if thou wilt accept it.

Sho. Thou go with mee Iane, oh God forbid,
That I should be a traitour to my King,
Shall I become a fellow to his pleasures,
And live alway as guiltie of the theft?
No my deere Iane, I say it may not bee,

King Edward the fourth.

Oh what haue subjects that is not their kings,
He not examine his prerogative.

Ia. Why then sweet Maior let me intreat thee say,
What ist with Edward that I cannot do?
He make thee wealthier then ere Richard was,
That entertains the three greatest kings in Europe,
And feasted them in London on a day
Aske what thou wilt, were it a million,
That may content thee, thou shalt haue it Shoare.

Sho. Indeed this were some comfort to a man,
That tasted want or worldly miserie,
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne,
All worldly losses are but toys to mine,
Oh, all my wealth, the losse of thee was more,
Then ever time or fortune can restore.
Therefore sweet Iane farewell, once thou wast mine,
Too rich for me, and that King Edward knewe,
Adieu, oh world, he shall be deui'd bee,
That puts his trust in women or in thee.

Ia. Ah Shoare farewell, poore heart in death he tell,
I euer loude thee Shoare, farewell, farewell. Exit.

Enter king Edward, Lord Maior, Howard, Sellinger, and the traine.

King. Having awak't forth of their slep'to dens,
Our drouzle Cannons, which ere long shal charme
The watchfull French, with death's eternall slepe,
And all things else in readinesse for France,
A while we will giue truce vnto our care,
There is a merrie Tanner nere at hand,
With whom we meane to be a little merrie.
Therefore Lord Maior, and you my other friends,
I must intreat you not, to knowledge me,
No man stand bare, all as companions,
Giue me a Cloake, that I may be disguis'd,
Tom Sellinger, go thou and take another,

The first part of

So Tanner, now come when yee please, we are provided,
And in good time, see hee is come already.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellenger, go thou and meete him.

Sel. What Iohn Hobs? welcome faith to court,

Hob. Graimercies honest Tom, where is the hangman
Ned? where is that mad rascall, shall I not see him?

Sel. See where he stands, that same is hee.

Hob. What Ned? a plague sound thee, how dost thou for a
villaine? how dost thou make Rogue, and how, and how?

King. In health Iohn Hobs, and verie glad to see thee,
But say, what winde drove thee to London.

Hobs. Ah Ned, I was brought hither with a whirlewinde
man, my sonne, my sonne, did I not tell thee I had a knave to
my sonne?

King. Yes Tanner, what of him?

Hob. Faith hees in Caperdoche Ned, in Stafford Goale, for
a robbrie, and is like to be hangde, except thou get the King
to be moze miserable to him.

King. If that be all Tanner, Ile warrant him,
I will procure his pardon of the King.

Hobs. Wilt thou Ned? for those good words, see what my
Daughter Nell hath sent thee, a handkercher wrought with
as good Couentrie silke blew threed, as ever thou sawest.

King. And I perhaps may weare it for her sake,
In better presence then thou art aware off,

Hobs. How Ned, a better present? that canst thou not haue
for silke, cloath, and workmanship, why Nell made it man.
But Ned? is not the King in this companie, what hee in the
long beard and the redde petticoate? before God I misdoubt
Ned that is the King, I know it by my Lord what ye call
players.

King. How by them Tanner?

Hob. Euer when they play an Enterloute or a Commodity
at Lamwozth, the King alwaies is in a long beard, and a red
golowne like him, therefore I spekt him to be the King

King

King Edward the fourth.

King. So trust me Tanner, this is not the King, but thou shalt see the King before thou goest, and have a pardon for thy sonne too with thee.

This man is the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor of London, here was the Recorder too, but hee is gone.

Hobs. What surnames these courtfoles haue: Mare and Cordeur quotha? we haue no such at Litchfield, there is the honest Bayliffe and his brethren, such words graue best with vs.

King. My Lord Mayor, I pray ye for my sake, to bidde this honest Tanner welcome.

Mayor. You are welcome my honest friend,
In signe whereof I pray you see my house,
And suppe with mee this night.

Hobs. I thanke yee good Goodman Mayor, but I care not for no meate, my stomacke is like to a sicke swine, that will neither eate nor drinke, till she know what shal become of her pigge. Ned and Tom, you promise me a good turne when I came to Court, either doo it now, or go hang your selues.

King. So sooner comes the King, but I will doo it.

Sel. I warrant thee Tanner, feare not thy sonnes life.

Hobs. Nay, I feare not his life, I feare his death.

Enter Maister of Saint Katherines, and
Widow Norton.

Maiste. All health and happynesse to my Soueraigne.

King. The Maister of Saint Katherines hath made all.

Hobs. Out alas that euer I was borne.

The Tanner falles in a swoond, they labour to reuiue him;
meane while the king puts on his royall robes.

King. Looke to the Tanner there, he takes no harme;
I would not haue him (for my crowne) miscarrie.

Wid. Let me come to him by my kings good leaue,

¶

Here

The First part of

Heres ginger honest man, bite it.

Hobs. Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs date,
I am but a dead man, ah my Ledge, that you should deale
so with a poore well meaning man, but it makes no matter, I
can but die.

King. But when Tanner canst thou tell?

Hobs. Pay cuen when you please, for I haue so defended
ye, by calling ye plaine Ned, mad rogue and rascall, that I
knew youle haue me hangde. Therefore make no more a
doe, but send me downe to Stafford, and there a Gods name
hang me with my sonne. And heres another as honest as
your selfe, you made me call him plaine Tom, I warrant his
name is Thomas, and some man of worship too, therfore lets
to it, euen when and where ye will.

King. Tanner attend, not onely doe we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee,
And thy sonnes trespasse doe we pardon too,
Dre goe and see that forthwith it bee done,
Under our seale of England, as it ought,
And fortie pounds we giue thee to defray
Thy charges in thy coming vp to London.
Now Tanner, what saist thou to vs?

Hobs. Marrie you speake like an honest man, if
you meane as you say.

King. We meane it Tanner, on our royall
word.

Now maister of S. Katherines, what would you?

M. My gracious Lord, the great benenolence,
(Though small to that your subjects could afford,
Of poore S. Katherines do I bring your grace,)
Fifue hundred pounds here haue they sent by me.
For the easier portage, all in Angell gold,
That this good widow mistris Norton will,
She comes her selfe, and brings her gift with her.

Wid. Pardon me gracious Lord, presumption,
For ouerwining in mine owne conceit,

Makes

King Edward the fourth.

spakes me thus bold to come befoze your Grace,
But loue and dutie to your maiestie:
And great desire to see my Lord the King,
Our maister here spake of benedolence,
And said my twentieth poble was enough,
I thought not so, but at your Highnes seete,
A widowes mite, a token of her zeale,
In humble dutie giues you twentieth pound.

Ki. How by my crowne, a gallant lustie Girl,
Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,
This womans liberalitie likes me best.
Is thy name Norton?

Wid. I my gracions I ledge.

King. How long hast thou bene a Widow?

Wid. It is my Lord,
Since I did burie Wilkin my goodman,
At Shrouetide next euen iust a dozen yeares.

K. In al which space, couldst thou not find a man,
On whom thou mightst bestow thy selfe againe?


Wid. Not any like my Wilkin whose deare loue,
I know is matchlesse, in respect of whom,
I thinke not any worthe of a kisse.

K. So widow: that ile trie, how like you this?

He kisseth her.

VWid. Bestrewo my heart, it was a honnte kisse,
Able to make an aged woman young:
And soz the same most sweet and louely Prince,
See what the widow giues you from her store,
Fortie olde Angels but soz one kisse moze.

K. Marie Widow and thou shalt haue it,
Iohn Hobs thou art a widower,
Lackst thou such a wife?

Hobs. Snalles, twentieth pound a kisse: had shee as many
F 2  twentieth

The First part of

twentie pound bags as I haue knobs of barke in my tankat
thce might kisse them a way in a quarter of a yeare. Ale no
Saint Katherines widowes, if kisses be so deare.

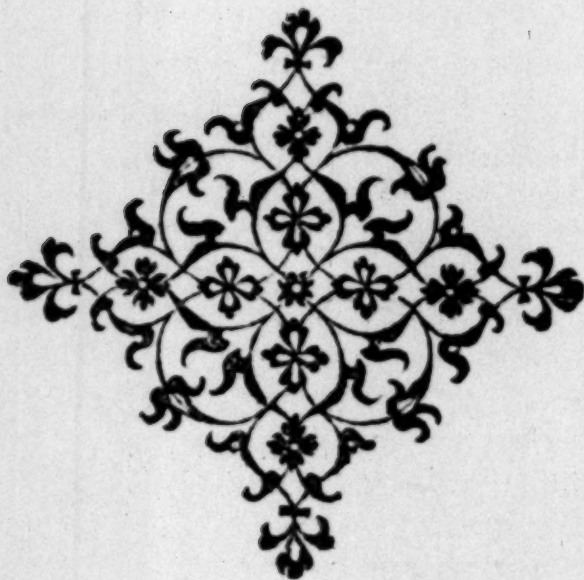
Widow. Clubs and clouted shooes, theres none enamour'd
here.

King. Lord Mayor, we thanke you and entreat withall,
To recommend vs to our Cittizens:

We must for France, we bid you all farewell,
Come Tanner thou shalt with vs to Court,
To morrow you shal dine with my Lord Mayor,
And after ward set homeward when ye please:
God and our right that onely fights for vs,
Adieu, pray that our toyle prove prosperous.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





THE
SECOND PART
of King Edward the Fourth. Con-
taining his iourney into France, for obtaining
of his right there : The trecherous falshood of the
Duke of Burgundie, and the Constable of France
vsed against him, and his returne home againe.
Likewise the prosecution of the historie
of M. Shoare and his faire wife : Conclu-
ding with the lamentable death
of them both.

Enter king Edward, Howard, Sellinger, and Soldiers
marching.

Edward.

I In this the aide our Cousin Burgundie,
And the great Constable of France assured vs:
Haue we marched thus farre through the heart of France:
And with the terror of our English Drums:
Won;de the poore trembling French, which leaue their towne
That now the Wolves affrighted from the fields,
Do get their pray, and kennell in their streets:
Our thundring Canons, now this so;night space,
Like common Bell-men in some market towne,
Haue cried the Constable and Burgundie:
But yet I see they come not to our aide,
Whele bring them in, or by the blessed light,
Whele search the Ground-silles of their Cittis walles,

The second part of

Since you haue brought me hither : I will make,
The proudest Tower that stands in France to quake,
I maruaile Scales returnes not, for by him
I doe respect to heare their resolutions.

Enter the Lord Scales.

How. My Soueraigne he is happily returnde.

Ed. Welcome my Lord, welcome good Cousin Scales,
What newes from Burgundie, what is his answer?
What comes he to our succour as he promised?

Sca. Not by his good wil, for ought that I can see
He lingers still in his long siege at Paise.
I bryde his promise and your expectation,
Even to the force and compasse of my spirit,
I chérde my firme perswasions, with your hopes,
And gylded them with my best Oratorie,
I framde my speech still fitly as I found
The temper of his humour, to be wrought upon,
But still I found him earthly, vnresolute,
Muddie, and me thought euer through his eyes,
I saw his wauering and vnsettled spirit,
And to be short, subtle and trecherous,
And one that doth intend no good to you,
And he will come, and yet he wanteth power,
He would faine come, but may not leaue the siege,
He hopes he shall, but yet he knowes not when,
He purposed, but some impediments,
Haue hindred his determined intent,
Briefly, I thinke he will not come at all.

Ed. But is he like to take the towne of Paise?

Sca. My Lord the towne is liker to take him,
That if he chance to come to you at all,
It's but for succour.

Ed. But what saies Count Saint Paul?

Scales. My Lord he lies, and reuelles at S. Quintins,
And laughs at Edwards coming into France,
There Domineering with his drunken crew,

Maks

King Edward the Fourth.

Make Higgses of vs, and in their slauering iests,
Tell how like rogues we lie here in the field,
Then comes a slave one of those drunken sots,
In with a Tauerne reckoning for a supplicat[i]on,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A Drawers Apron for a Heralds Coate,
And tels the Count, the King of England craves
One of his wortheie honours Dog-kennels,
To be his lodging for a day or two.

With some such other Tauerne foolerie:
With that this filthy rascall greasie rout,
Blast out in laughter at this wortheie iest,
Reighing like hoxses: thus the Count Saint Paul
Regards his promise to your maiestie.

Ed. Will no man thrust the slave into a sackbut?

Sel. Now by this light were I but neere the slave
With a black Jacke I would beat out his braines.

Ho. If it please your highnes but to say the word,
Weele plucke him out of Quintins by the eares.

Ed. So cousin Howard, weele reserve our valour,
For better purpose, since they both refuse vs,
Our selues will be vnrivalde in our honour.

Now our first cast my Lord is at maine France,
Whilst yet our Armie is in health and strong,
And haue we once but broke vnto that warre,
I will not leaue S. Paul, nor Burgundie,
Not a bare Pigskoate to shroud them in.

Heraulde.

He. My Soueraigne.

Ed. Go Herauld, to Lewes the French King,
Denounce sterne warre, and tell him I am come,
To take possession of my Realme of France,
Defie him boldly from vs, be thy voice
As fierce as thunder, to affright his soule:
Herauld be gone I say, and be thy breath,
Percing as lightning, and thy words as death

The second part of

Her. I goe my Ledge resolute to your hie will. Exit.

Ed. Sound Drum I say, set forthward with our power,
And France ere long expect a dreadfull hower,
I will not take the English Standard downe,
Till thou empale my temples with thy Crowne.

Enter Lewes the French king, Burbon, and S. Pier, with the
Heraulde of England.

K. Lewes. Heraulde of England, we are pleased to heare,
What message thou hast brought vs from thy King,
Prepare thy selfe, and be advise in speech.
English Heraulde, Right gracious and most Christian king
of France,
I come not to thy presence unpreparde
To doe the message of my Royall Ledge.
Edward the Fourth, of England and of France,
The lawfull King, and Lord of Ireland,
Whose puissant magnanimous breast incensde,
Through manifest notorious injuries,
Offred by the King Lewes and thy French,
Against his title to the crowne of France,
And right in all these Dukedomes following,
Aquitaine, Anjou, Guyen, Aguilaine,
Breathes forth by me the Organe of his speech,
Hostile defiance to thy realme and thee:
And trampling now upon the face of France,
With barbed horse, and valiant armed soute:
Himselfe the leader of those martall troupes,
Bids thee to battell, where and when thou darst,
Except thou make such restitution
And yearly tribute on good hostages,
As may content his iust conceived wrath,
And to this message answer I expect.

Lew. Right peremptorie is this embassage,
And were my royal Brother of England please,

To

King Edward the fourth.

To entertaine those kind affections,
Wherewith we doe embrace his amitie:
Pérolelle were all these thunder-threatning words,
Let heauen (where all our thoughts are registred)
Beare record, with what déepe desire of peace,
We shall subscribe to such conditions,
As equitie for England shall propound,
If Edward haue sustained wrong in France,
Lewes was neuer author of that wrong,
Yet faultles we will make due recompence,
We are as surd that his maiestie's thoughts
In his milde spirit did neuer meane these warres,
Till Charles Burgundie once our sallowing friend,
But now our open foe, and Count S. Paul,
Our subiect once and Constable of France,
But now a traytor to our Realme and vs,
Where motives to incite him vnto Armes,
Which hauing done will leaue him on my life.

Her. The King my master reckes not Burgundy,
And scornes S. Paul that trecherous Constable,
His puissance is sufficient in it selfe,
To conquer France like his progenitors.

K. L. He shall not need to waste by force of warre,
Where peace shall yield him more then he can win:
We couet peace, and we will purchase it
At any rate that reason can demand,
And it is better England loyne in league
With vs his strong, old, open enemy,
Than with those weake & new disssembling friends,
We doe secure vs from our open foes,
But trust in friends (though faithles) we repose,
My Lord S. Pierre and cousin Burbon speake,
What censure you of Burgundy, and S. Paul?

S. P. Dread Lord, it is wel knowne that Burgundy
Made shew of tender service to your maiestie,
Till by the engine of his flatteries,

The second part of

He made a breach into your Highnes loue,
Where entred once and thereof full possess,
He so abuse that royall excellence,
By getting soting into many towne,
Castles and forts belonging to your Crowne,
That now he holds them gainst your realme & you.

Burb. And Count S. Paul the Constable of France,
Ambitious in that high authoritie,
Usurps the lands and Seigneuries of those
That are true subiects, noble Pées of France,
Your boundlesse fauours did him first suborne,
And now to be your Liegeman he thinks scorne.

Lew. By this conieature, the vnsteady course,
Thy royall master undertakes in France,
And Herald intimate what seruent yeale,
We haue to league with Edward and his English,
Thre hundred crownes we giue thee for reward,
And of rich Crimson beluēt thirtie yardes,
In hope thou wilt vnto thy Soueraigne tell,
We shew thee not one discontented looke,
Nor render him one misbeholden word:
But his defiance and his dare to warre,
We swallow with the supple oyle of peace:
Which gentle Herald if thou canst procure,
A thousand crownes shall instantly guerdon thee.

Her. So please it your most sacred Maestie,
To send vnto my gracious Soueraigne,
Equall conditions for the bonds of peace,
And restitution of his iniuries,
His temper is not of obdurate malice,
But swete relenting princely clemencie,
Performe your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fit messenger,
And I will undertake to worke your peace.

Lew. By the true honour of a Christian King,
Effect our peace and thou shalt haue our crownes,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And we will poste a Herald after thee,
That shall confirme thy speech, and our designs:
Goe Mugeroune, see to this Herald giuen
The beluet, and thre hundred crownes preposde,
Farewell good friend, remember our request,
• And kindly recommend vs to King Edward.

Exeunt English Herald and Mugeroune.

How think you Lords, is not more requisite
To make our peace, then warre with Englands power.

Burb. Des grattious Lord, the wounds are bleeding yet,
That Talbot, Bedford, and King Henry made,
Which peace must cure, or France shall languish still.

S. Piere. Besides (my Liege) by these intestine foes,
The Constable and trecherous Burgundie,
The States in danger if the English stirre.

Enter Mugeroune.

K. Lew. 'Tis perilous, and full of doubt my Lords,
We must haue peace with England every way,
Who shall be Herald in these high affayres?

Bur. No better man then Monsieur Mugeroune,
Whose wit is sharpe, whose eloquence is sound,
His presence grattious, and his courage good,
A gentleman, a scholler, and a souldiour,
A compleate man for such an Embassage:
Art thou content to be employde Mugeroune,
In this negotiation to King Edward?

Mug. If your most sacred Maiestie commaund,
Your humble vassall Mugeroune shall goe.

K. Lew. Grauerces Mugeroune, but thou must assume,
A Heralds habit, and his office both,
To pleade our loue, and to procure vs peace
With English Edward, for the good of France.

Mug. I know the matter and the forme my Lord,
Giue me my Heralds coate, and I am gone.

K. Lew. Thou art a man compolde for businesse,
Attend on vs for thy instructions,

And

The second part of

And other fit supplies for these affaires,
And for thy diligence expect reward.

Exeunt.

Enter severall waies Burgundie and the Constable
of France.

Con. Whither away so fast goes Burgundy?

Bur. Say rather whither goes the Constable?

Con. Why to King Edward (man) is he not come?
Meantst thou not like wise to goe visit him?

Bur. Oh excellent, I know that in thy soule,
Thou knowst that I doe purpose nothing lesse,
Say I doe know for all thy outward shew,
Thou hast no meaning once to looke on him.
Brother dissembler, leaue this colouring,
With him that meanes as fassely as thy selfe.

Con. I, but thou knowst y Edward on our letters,
And hoping our assistance when he came,
Did make this purposde voyage into France,
And with his forces is he here arride,
Trusting that we will keepe our word with him.
Now, though we meane it not, yet set a face
Upon the matter, as though we intended
To keepe our word with him effectnally.

Bur. And for my better countenance in this case,
My lingring siege at Nose will serue the turne,
There will I spend the time to disappoynt,
King Edwards hope of my consoyning with him.

Con. And I will keepe me still here in S. Quintins,
Pretending mightie matters for his aide,
But not performing any on my word,
The rather Burgundy, because I atme,
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,
If all hit right to expectation,
In the meane space like a good craftie knave,
That hugs the man, he wisheth hangd in hart,

{ All
this
aside

Keepe

King Edward the fourth.

Keepe I faire weather still with Burgundy,
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.
Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.

Bur. Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.
Are ye so craftie Constable : procéde, procéde,
You quick sharpe sighted man, imagine me
Blinde, witlesse, and a sillie Idiot,
That pries not into all your policies,
Who I : no, God doth know my simple wit,
Can neuer sound a iudgement of such reach,
As is our cunning Constable of France :
Perswade thy selfe so still, and when time serues,
And that thou art in most extremitie,
Péeing my helpe, then take thou hée of me,
In meane while Sir, you are the only man
That hath my heart, hath : I, and great reason too,
Thus it befits men of deepe reach to doe.
Well Constable, youle back againe to Nuse,
And not aide English Edward?

Con. What else man :

And keepe thæ in S. Quintins, so shall we
Smile at King Edwards weake capacitie. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, with Burgundie, Howard,
Sellenger, and Scales.

K. Ed. Tell not me Burgundie, tis I am wrongd,
And you haue dealt like a disloyall knight.

B. Edward of England, these are unkingly words,
King. He that will do (my Lord) what he should not,
Must and shall heare of me what he would not,
I say againe you haue deluded me.

Bur. Am I not come according to my word?

K. No Charles of Burgundie, thy word was giuen
To méete with me in Aprill, now tis August,
The place appointed Calice, not Lorraine,
And thy approach to be with martiall troupes :
But thou art come, not hauing in thy traine,

The second part of

So much as Page or Lackie to attend thee,
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength enough to answer our expect:
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.

Burg. My forces lay before the citie Nuse,
From which I could not rise, but with dishonour,
Unlesse vpon some composition had.

K. Ed. There was no such exception in your letters.
Why smiles Lord Scales?

Scales. My man reports my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made,
Was mere compulsion: for the citizens
Draue him from thence perforce.

K. Ed. I thought so much:
We should not yet haue scene your excellence,
But that your heeles were better then your hands.

B. Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

K. Ed. Letting that passe, it shall be scene my Lord,
That we are able of our selfe to claime
Our right in France, without of your assistance,
Or any others, but the helpe of heauen.

Bur. I make no question of it, yet the Constable
Wrest with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excusde vs both if he had please.

K. Ed. Accuse him not, your cities as we came,
Were euen as much to be condemnde as his,
They gaue vs leaue to lye within the field,
And scarcely would affoord vs meate for money.
This was small friendship in respect of that,
You had ingagde your honour to perforce me.
But march we forward as we were determined,
This is S. Quintins, where you say my Lord,
The Constable is readie to receiue vs.

Bur. So much he signified to me by letter.

K. Ed. Well we shall see his entertainment: forward.

King Edward the fourth.

As they march vpon the stage, the Lord Scales is strooke downe,
and two souldiours slaine outright, with great shot
from the towne.

Flie to our maine battaile, bid them stand,
Theres treason plotted : speake to me Lord Scales,
Or if there be no power of life remaining,
To vtter thy hearts grienance, make a signe,
Two of our common souldiours slaine beside,
This is hard welcome : but it was not you,
At whom the fatall enginer did aime,
My breast the leuell was, though you the marke,
In which conspiracie answer me Duke,
Is not thy soule as guiltie as the Carles :

Bur. Perish my soule, King Edward, if I knew
Of any such intention : yet I did, and grienc that it
hath sped no other wise.

K.Ed. Howard and Sellinger?

Burgundie steales away.

What is there hope of life in none of them :

Ho. The souldiours are both slaine outright my Lord,
But the Lord Scales a little is recovered.

K.Ed. Conuay his body to our Paullion,
And let our Surgeons vse all diligence
They can deuise for safegard of his life,
Whilst we with all extremitie of warre,
Goe plague S. Quintins : Howard fetch on our powers,
We will not stirre a fote, till we haue the wne
Iust vengeance on the Constable of France.
Oh God, to woe vs first to passe the sea,
And at our comming thus to halt with vs,
I thinke the like thereof was neuer seene.
But wheres the Duke :

Sel. Gone as it seemes my Lord,
Stept secretly away, as one that knew
His conscience would accuse him if he staid.

K.Ed. A

The second part of

K.Ed. A paire of most dissembling hypocrites,
As he and this base Earle, on whom I vow,
Leaving King Lewis vnpreiudic'd in peace,
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage,
Their streets shall sweate with their effused blood,
And this bright Sunne be darkned with the smoke,
Of smouldring cinders, when their citie lies
Buried in ashes of reuengefull fire,
On whose pale superficies in the stead
Of parchmēt, with my launce Ile draw these lines,
Edward of England left this memorie,
In iust reuenge of hatefull trecherie.

Enter Howard againe.

Lord Howard haue ye done as I commanded:

How. Our battailes are dispos'd, and on the brow
Of euery inferiour seruiter my Lord,
You might behold destruction figured,
Creedily thrusting to begin the fight:
But when no longer they might be restrainde,
And that the drumme and trumpet both began
To sound warres chærefull harmonie: behold,
A flagge of truce vpon the walles was hangd,
And forth the gates did issue meekly part,
Thre men, whereof the Constable is one,
The other two the Gunner and his mate,
By whose grosse ouer-sight (as they report)
This sudden chance vniawittingly befell.

K.Ed. Bring forth the Constable: the other two,
See them safe guarded, till you know our pleasure.

Enter the Constable and Howard.

Now my Lord Howard, how is it with Scales?

Ho. Tell my dread Soueraigne, now his wound is dress'd,
And by the opinion of the Surgeons,
Its thought he shall not perish by this hurt.

K.Ed. I am the gladder, but vnfaithfull Earle,
I doe not see how yet I can dispence

with

King Edward the fourth.

With thy submission, this was not the welcome,
Your letters sent to England, promise me.

Con. Right high and mightie Prince condemne me not,
That am as innocent in this offence,
As any souldiour in the English armie,
The fault was in our gunners ignorance,
Who taking you for Lewis King of France,
That likewise is within the cities kenne,
Made that unluckie shot to beate him backe,
And not of malice to your maiestie,
To knowledge which, I brought the with my selfe,
And thirtie thousand crownes within this purse,
Went by the Burgers to redeme your lacke.

K.Ed. Constable of France, we will not sell a drop
Of English blood, for all the gold in France:
But in so much two of our men are slaine,
To quit their deaths, those two that came with thee
Shall both be crammed into a Cannons mouth,
And so be shot into the towne againe:
It is not like but that they knew our Colours,
And of set purpose did this villanie:
For can I be perswaded therewith,
But that our person was the mark they aimed at;
Yet are we well content to hold you excused,
Happ our souldiours must be satisfied,
And therefore first shall be distributed,
These crownes amongst the, then you shal returne,
And of your best provision send to us,
Thirtie waine loades, beside twelue tunne of wine.
This if the Burgers will subscribe vnto,
Their peace is made, otherwise I will proclaim,
Free libertie for all to take the spoyle.

Con. Your highnes shall be answered presently,
And I will see these articles performed.

K.Ed. Yet one thing more, I will that you my Lord,
Together with the Duke of Burgundie,

The second part of

Doe ere to morrow none bring all your force,
And toyne with ours, or else we doe recant,
And these conditions shall be frustrate.

C. Mine are at hand my Lord, and I will write,
The Duke may like wise be in readinesse.

K.Ed. Let him haue safe conduct through our army,
And gainst the morning enemy leader see,
His troupes be furnisht, for no longer time,
God willing shall the triall be deferred,
Twixt Lewis and vs. What echoing sound is this?

Sel. A gentleman from the K. of France my Lord,
Craves parlance with your excellence.

K.Ed. A gentleman, bring him in.

What newes a Gods name fro our brother Lewis?
Enter Mugeroune.

Mu. Most puissant and most honourable King,
My royall master, Lewis the King of France,
Doth græte your Highnes with vnfained loue,
Wishing your health, prosperitie, and rule,
And thus he saies by me. When was it seene,
That euer Lewis pretended hurt to England,
Either by close conspiratozs sent ouer,
To vndermine your state; or openly,
By taking armes, with purpose to inuade?
Nay when was it, that Lewis was euer heard,
So much as to detract from Edwards name?
But still hath done him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts,
Of wisedome, valour, and his herotcke birth:
Whence is it then that Edward is incensed,
To render hate for loue, for amitie sterne warre?
Not of himselfe we know: but by the means
Of some infectious counsell, that like mud,
Would spoyle the pure temper of his noble minde,
It is the Duke, and that pernicious rebell,
Carle of S. Paul, haue set abroach these warres,

Who

King Edward the fourth.

Who of themselves, unable to procede,
Would make your Grace the instrument of wrong,
And when you have done what you can for them,
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and dissembled with.
But if it might seeme gracious in your eye,
To cast off these despisde confederates,
Unfit companions for so great a Prince,
And ioyne in league with Lewis my royall master,
Him shall you finde as willing as of power,
To doe your Grace all offices of loue:
And what commoditie may spring thereby,
To both the Realmes, your Grace is wise enough,
Without my rude suggestions to imagine,
Besides, much bloodshed for this present time,
Will be prevented when two such personages,
Shall meete together to shake hands in peace,
And not with shock of Launce and Curtelare,
That Lewis is willing, I am his substitute,
And he himselfe in person if you please,
Not farre from hence will signifie as much.

K. Ed. Sir, withdraue and giue vs leaue a while,
To take aduise of our Counsellors,
What say ye Lords vnto this proffered truce?

Ho. In my conceit let it not be slipt my Lord.

Sel. Willt not be dishonour hauing landed
So great an armie in these parts of France,
And not to fight before we doe returne?

Ho. How can it when the enemy submits,
And of himselfe makes tender of allegiance?

Sel. It thats the question whether he will yield,
And doe King Edward fealtie or no.

Ed. What talke ye Lords: he shall subscribe to that,
Or no conditions Ile accept at all.

Ho. Let him be bound my Lord to pay your Grace,
Toward your expences, since your coming ouer,

The second part of

Seauentie fine thousand crownes of the Sunne,
And pcerely after fiftie thousand moze,
During your life, with homage there wltball,
That he doth hold his royaltie from you,
And take his offer, it will not be amisse.

Ed. It shall be so, ozato you the articles,
And Sellinger call forth the messenger,
Bring with thee too a cup of massie gold,
And bid the bearer of our pziute purse,
Enclose therein a hundred English Ryals,
Friend we doe accept thy masters League,
With no lesse firme affection then he cranes,
If he will meete vs here bet wirt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirme by oth,
On this condition that he will subscribe,
To certaine Articles shall be proposde,
And so thou hast thy answer, to requite
Thy paines herein, we giue to thee this cup.

Her. Heaith and increase of honour waite on Edward.

Ed. Lord Howard bring the Frenchman on his way.

Ed. King Lewis is one that neuer was precise:

But now Lord Howard and Tom Sellinger,
There is a taske remaines for you to doe,
And that is this, you two shall be disguise,
And one of you repayze to Burgundie,
The other to the Constable of France,
Where you shall learne in secret if you can,
If they intend to meete vs here to morrow,
Or how they take this our accoord with France,
Some what it giues me you will bring from thence
Worthie the noting, will you undertake it?

Sel. With all my hart my L. I am for Burgundie.

How. And I am for the Constable of France.

Exeunt.

Ed. Make speede againe, what newes?

Med. The king of France my L. attended royally,

King Edward the fourth.

Is marching hitherward to meete your Grace.

Ed. He shall be welcome, hast thou dyaloue the articles?

Mess. Yes my dread Soueraigne.

Ed. Goe, call forth our traine,

We may receiue him with like maiestie.

Enter certaine Noblemen and Souldiours with a Drum, they march about the stage, then enter king Lewis, and his traine, and meete with King Edward, the Kings embrace.

K. Lewis. My princely brother, we are grieved much,
To thinke you haue been at so great a charge,
And toyd your royall selfe so farre from home,
Upon the vnconstant promise of those men,
That both dissemble with your Grace and me.

K. Ed. Brother of France, you might condemne vs rightly,
Not only of great wrong and toyle sustaine,
But of erreeding folly, if incited,
We had presume to enter these Dominions,
Upon no other reason then the word,
And weake assistance of the Carle S. Paul,
By Burgundies perswasion: tis our right,
That wings the bodie of composed warre,
And though we listned to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapte the course of our affayres,
As of our selfe we might be able sound,
Without the trusting to a broken staffe.

Lew. I know your maiestie had moze discretion,
But this is not the occasion of our meeting,
If you be please to entertaine a peace,
My kingly brother in the sight of these,
And of the al-discovering eye of heauen,
Let vs embrace, for as my life I sweare,
I tender England and your happines.

K. Ed. The like do I by you and warlike France:
But princely brother ere this knot be knitt,

The second part of

There are some few conditions to be signe,
That done, I am as readie as your selfe.

K. Lew. Faire brother, let vs heare them what they be.

K. Ed. Herald repeate the articles.

Her. First it is couenanted that Lewis King of France, according to the custome of his predecessors, shall doe homage to King Edward, King of England, as his Soueraigne and true heire to all the Dominions of France.

Burb. How as his Soueraigne? that were to depose
And quite bereaue him of his Diademe,
Will kingly Lewis stope to such bassallage?

K. Ed. Burbon and if he will not let him chuse.

K. Lew. Brother haue patience, Burbon seale your lips,
And interrupt not these high consequents.
Forward Herald, what is else demaunded?

Her. Secondly it is couenanted that Lewis King of France, shall pay vnto Edward King of England, immediatly vpon the agreement betwixt their Maiesties, seauentie five thousand crownes of the sunne, toward the charge King Edward hath been at since his arriual in these parts of France.

Burb. Mort dieu, heele neither leaue him Crown nor coyne.

K. Lew. Burbon I say be silent, Herald reade on.

Her. Thirdly and lastly, it is couenanted, that ouer and beside those seauentie five thousand crownes of the sunne, now presently to be payed, Lewis King of France shall pay hereafter, during the life of Edward King of England, pay fiftie thousand crownes more without fraude or guile, to bee tendered at his Maiesties Castle, commonly called the Tower of London.

Burb. Nay bind him that he bring his Lordship a couple of Capons to every yeere beside.

Here is a peace indeed farre worse then warre.

K. Ed. Brother of France are you resolute to doe,
According as you heare the conenants drawne?

K. Lew. Brother of England, mount your royall throne,
For subjects weale, and glorie of my God,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And to deale iustly with the world beside,
Knowing your title to be lineall,
From the great Edward of that name the third,
Your predecessor, thus I doe resigne,
Giving my Crowne and Scepter to your hand,
As an obedient Liegeman to your Grace.

K. Ed. The same doe I deliuer backe againe,
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other covenants.

K. Lew. Those my Lord,
Shall likewise be performed with expedition,
And ever after, as you haue prescribed,
The yearly pension shall be truly paid.

Her. Swear on this booke King Lewis so helpe you God,
You meane no other wise then you haue said.

K. Lew. So helpe me God as I dissemble not.

K. Ed. And so helpe be me as I intend to keepe,
Unsained league and truce with noble France:
And kingly brother now to consummate,
This happie day feast in our royall tent,
English and French are one, so it is meant.

Exeunt.

Enter at one dore, Burgundie chafing, with him Sellinger disguised like a souldiour; at another the Constable of France, with him Howard in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded, saiest thou? Is not so?

Sel. My Lord I doe assure you it is so.

Con. And thou affirmst the like? say, dost thou not?

How. I doe my Lord, and that for certaintie.

Bur. I haue found it now, the villaine Constable
Hath secretly with Edward thus compact,
To loyne our King and him in amitie,
And thereby doubtlesse got into his hands,
Such lands and Dukedoms as I aymed at,

The second part of

And leaues me disappointed in my hope,
A plague vpon such craftie cosening,
Now shall I be a marke for them to aime at,
And that vile slane to triumph in my soyle.

{ aside.

Con. 'Tis so, for it can be no other wise,
Burgundie hath been priuie to this plot,
Conspirac with Lewis and the English King,
To saue his owne stake, and assure himselfe,
Of all those Seignouries I hoped for,
And thereupon this close peace is contrinde,
Now must the Constable be as a butte,
For all their bullets to be leuel'd at,
Hell and hot vengeance light on Burgundie,
For this his subtle secret villanie.

Bur. Well fellow for thy paines take that,
Leaue me alone, for I am much displeas'd. to Sel.

Con. And get thee gone my friend, theres for thy paines,
So leaue me to my selfe. to Howard.

Sel. Fare ye well Sir, I hope I haue pepper'd ye.

How. And so I thinke haue I my Constable.

Exeunt Sellin. and How.

Bur. Now Constable, this peace, this peace,
What thinke ye of it man?

Con. Nay rather what thinks Burgundie?

Bur. I thinke he that did contriue the same,
Was little lesse then a dissembling villaine.

Con. Dog bite thy selfe, come on, come on,
Haue not you plaid John for the King,
To saue your selfe Sir?

Bur. I, art thou good at that?
Adieu Sir, I may chance to hit you pat.

Exit.

Con. You may Sir, I perhaps may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nose to boze ye.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, King Lewis, Howard, Sellinger,
and their traine.

King Edward the fourth.

K.Ed. So Sellinger, we then perceiue by thée
The Duke is passing angrie at our league?

Sel. I, my dread Lord beyond comparison,
Like a mad dog snatching at euerie one
That passeth by: shall I but shew you how,
And at the manner of his tragicke furie?

K. No stay a while, we thought I heard thée say,
They meant to gréeet vs by their messengers.

Sel. They did my Lord.

King. What and the Constable too?

How. My Soueraigne yes.

King. But how took he the newes?

How. Faith euen as discontented as might be,
But being a moze deepe melancholiffe,
And sullenner of temper then the Duke,
He chawes his malice, fumes & frothes at mouth,
Uttering but little moze then what we gather
By his disturbed lookes and riueld front,
Sawing that now and then his boyling passion,
Damnd vp as in a furnace, finding vent
Breaks th:ough his senerd lips into short pusses,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothles Ponke when hees at mattens.

K. Oh it was sport alone to note their cartage.

Se. Sport my Lord: wil you but heare me speak,
And if I do not wearie you with laughter,
Pere trust Tom Sellinger moze vpon his word.

Sound a Trumpet.

K. I pray thée peace, by this it should appeare
One of their messengers is come, go see,
Upon my life we shall haue some deuise,
Of new dissimulation: how now Tom?

Sel. Tis as your highnes did suppose my Lord,
Here is a messenger from Burgundie.

King. Excellent good, admit him presently,
And brother of France, let me intreat your grace

The second part of

To stand aside a little in my tent,
Least finding us together, he restraîne,
To tell the message he is sent about,
So sure I am perswaded we shall find
Some notable péece of knauerie set a foote.

K.L. With al my hart, bidge him speak loud enough,
That I my Lord may vnderstand him too. Exit.

Enter the Lord of Conte.

K.Ed. Feare not, I haue the method in my mind:
What it is you my Lord of Conte? welcome,
How both the valiant Duke, in health I hope?

Co. In health (my Lord) of bodie, though in mind
Some what dissemperd, that your Grace hath found
In league with his professed enemy.

K.E. How say you? my Lord: pray you speake out,
For I of late, by reason of a cold,
Am some what thicke of hearing.

Con. Thus my Lord,
Your Grace demanded if the Duke were well,
I answer you, he is in health of bodie,
Though inwardly in mind some what perplext,
That you without his knowledge haue tane truce
With childish Lewes that hartlesse King of France.

K.Ed. With whom I pray péece a little lowder sir.

C. With childish Lewes that hartlesse K. of France.

K.Ed. I now do vnderstand you, is it that
He takes vnkindly? why if he had come
With his expected forces as he promist,
I had bene still vncapable of peace,
But he deceiuing me, the fault was his.

Con. No my good Lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewde pernicious counterfeit,
That craftie fore the Constable of France,
Who counseld him to keepe him at his siege,
Saying it would be more dishonorable
To rise from thence, then any way profitable,

King Edward the fourth.

To meeete your Maestie, beside my Lord,
It hath bin proued since, how much the Constable
Hates your proceedings, by that wilfull shot,
Was made against you from S. Quintins wals,
Which though he seemde to colour with faire speech,
The truth is, they did leuell at your selfe,
And grieved when they heard you were not slaine.

K.Ed. May I be bold to credit your report?

Con. The Duke vpon his honour bad me say,
That it was true, and therewithall quoth he,
Tell noble Edward if he will recant,
And fall from Lewes againe, knowing it is
More for his dignitie to be sole King,
And conquer France as did his ancestors,
Then take a fee, and so be satisfied,
That I am readie with twelue thousand soldiers
All well appointed, and not onely will,
Deliver him the Constable of France,
That he may punish him as he sees good,
But seat him in the throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe,

K.E. Speak that again, I heard not your last words

Con. But seate you in the throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

King. I thanke his honour for his good regard,
Pleaseth you stay till we haue pausde vpon it,
And you shall haue our answer to the Duke,
Tom Sellinger receiue him to your tent,
And let him taste a cuppe of Orleans wine,
Now my kingly brother, haue you heard this news?

K.L. So plainly my Lord, that I scarce held my selfe,
From stepping forth, hearing my royall name,
So much prophande and stubberd as it was,
But I do weigh the person like himselfe
From whence it came, a lie dissembler,
And spight my anger I was so; at sometime,

The second part of

To smile to thinke the Duke doth hang his friend,
Behinde his backe, whom to his face he smotheres.

K.E. But we shall haue farre better sport anone:
Howard tels me that another messenger,
Is come in Post-hast from the Constable,
As you haue begun with patience heare the rest.

K.Lc. So moze adoe, ile to my place againe,
Remember that you still be deafe my Lord,

K.E. I warrant you, Howard, call in the messenger.

Enter the messenger from the Constable.

Mes. Health to the victorious King of England:

K.E. Tell him he must straine out his voice aloud,
For I am somewhat deafe, and cannot heare.

How. His Maestie requests you to speake out,
Because his hearing is of late decayde.

Mes. The worthy Earle S. Paul.

King.Ed. Come nere mee.

Mes. The worthy Earle S. Paul greets noble Edwa.
And giues your grace to vnderstand by me,
That whereas Charles that painted sepulchre,
And most disloyall Duke of Burgundie,
Hath but vsurpt the habit of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemy,
As well appeares in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he neuer meant himselfe,
To send you aide, but likewise was the meanes,
To hinder my Lords well affected dutie,
Alleadging you desired his companie
But that you might betray him to his King,
Beside whereas it will be proude my Lord,
That he did hire the Gunner of S. Quintins,
For a large summe of money, to discharge
Thre seuerall peeces of great Ordnance,
Upon your comming to that cursed towne,
To slay your Maestie: in which regard
If it will please you to reuoke from France.

And

King Edward the fourth.

And thinke of Burgundie as hee deserves,
The Duke with expedition had me say,
That he would put the Earle into your hands,
Wherby you might reuenge his trecherous purpose
And ayde you too with twisse fūe thousand men,
And seate you like a conquerour in France,

K.Ed. Can it seeme possible that two such friends,
So firmly knit together as they were,
Should on a sodaine now be such great foes?

M. The Earle my Lord could neuer abide y^e Duke
Since his last treason against your sacred person,
Befoze Saint Quintins came to open light.

K. Was that the cause of their dissention there?
Mes. It was my lord.

K.Ed. Well I will thinke vpon it,
And you shall haue our answer by and by,
Cousin Howard take him aside,
But let him be kept from the others sight.

Ho. Sir will you walke in, my Lord will take aduise,
And so dispatch you backe againe vnto the Earle,

K.Lc. Heres vying of villanie who shall haue all,
Fraude with deceite, deceite with fraude outface,
I would the diuell were there to crie swope-stake,
But how intends your Grace to deale with them?

K.Ed. Faith in their kind, I am the Steele you see,
Against the which their enuie being stroke,
The Sparkles of hypocrisie flie forth,
Twere not amisse to quench them in their blood.

Enter another messenger to the king of France
with letters.

Mes. My Lord heres letters to your Maiestie,
One from the Duke of Burgundie, the other from
the Constable,

K.L. More villany, a thousand crowns to nothing;

K.p. Can there be more then is already broacht,

The second part of

He thinks they haue already done so well,
As this may serue to bring them both to hell.

K.L. No, no, they are indifferently well laden,
But yet their fraughts, not full, see other ware,
Other provision to prepare their waie,
The verie same (my Lord) which they pretend,
In loue to you against my life and crowne,
The same they undertake to doe for me
Against your safetie, bringing it I please,
That they will ioyne their forces both with mine,
And in your backe returne to Calice, cut the throats
Of you and all your soldiers.

K.Ed. Oh damnable.

But that I see it figuerd in these lines,
I would haue swozne there had bin nothing left,
For their pernicious haine to worke vpon.

K.L. A traitor is like, a boldface hypocrite,
That neuer will be brought vnto a nonplus,
So long as hee hath libertie to speake.

K.Ed. The way to cure them, is to cut them off,
Call forth their messengers once more to vs,

How. Both of them my Lord?

K.Ed. Yes, both together.

Woele see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their maisters shame now to attempt.

Enter both the Messengers.

Con. What is his Maestie of France so neere?
And Mounier Rosse the Charles secretarie?
I feare some hurt depends vpon his presence,

M. How comes it that I see the french King here?
I and the Lord of Countie too me thinks,
Pray God our message be not made a scozne.

K.E. You told me that you came from earle S. Paul.

Mes. I did my Lord, and therein sabled not.

K.Ed. You told me too of many kinde indeyours,
Which hee intended for our benefite?

Mes. No

King Edward the fourth.

Mef. So more then hee is willing to perfoyme.

K.Ed. Know you his hand-writting if you see?

Mef. I doe my Lord.

K.Ed. Is this his hand or no?

Mef. I cannot say but that it is his hand.

K.Ed. How comes it then that vnderneath his hand
My death is sought, when you that are his mouth,
Tune to our eares a quite contrarie tale?

The like read you decyphred in this paper,
Concerning trecherous wauering Burgundie,
Vnlesse you grant they can deuide themselves,
And of two shapen become foure substances,
How is it I should haue their knightly aide,
And yet by them be vtterly destroide?

K.L. And I to be protected by their meanes,
And yet they shall conspire against my life.

K.Ed. What call you this, but vile hypocrisie?

K.L. Say peasant-like vnheard of trecherie

Con. My Lord vphaid not me with this offence:
I do protest I knew of no such letters.

For any other intention of the Duke,
More then before was vttered in my message.

Sel. Will you bee halting too before a creeple?
Do you not remember what they were,
That first did certifie the Duke of truce,
Betwixt the renowned Edward and the French?

Co. Yes they were two soldiers, what of that?

Sel. Those soldiers were this Gentleman and I,
Where we did heare y^e soule mouthde Duke exclaim
Against our noble Soueraigne and this Prince,
And roide and bellowed like a parish bull,
And that in hearing both of you and him,
His words so please my Lord I can repeat,
As he did speake them at that verie time.

K.Ed. Well they are messengers, & for that cause,
We are content to beare with their amisse,

But

The second part of

But keepe them safe, and let them not returne,
To carrie tales vnto those counterfeits,
Vntill you haue them both as fast insnarde,
To compasse which the better, brother of France,
Five thousand of our soldours here we leaue,
To be imployde in seruice to that end,
The rest with vs to England shall returne. Exir.

Enter Chorus.

Ch. King Edward is returned home to England,
And Lewes King of France some after ward,
Surprized both his subtil enemies,
Rewarding them with traiterous recompence.
Now do we draw the curtaine of our Scene,
To speake of Shoare and his faire wife againe,
With other matters thereupon depending,
You must imagine since you saw him last
Prepared for trauaile, he hath bin abroade,
And seene the sundrie fashions of the world,
Vlysses like, his countries lone at length,
Hoping his wifes death, and to see his friends,
Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
Come home is hee, but so vnluckily,
As hee is like to lose his life thereby:
His and her fortunes shall we now pursue,
Gracde with your gentle sufferance & blew. Exeunt.

Enter mistress Shoare with Iockie her man, and some attendants more, and is met by sir Robert Brackenburie.

Iane Shoare. Haue ye bestowde our small beneuolence,
On the poore prisoners in the common Gaole,
Of the white Lion and the Kings bench?

Iockie. Yes forsooth:

Iane. What prisons this?

Iockie. The Marshalsea forsooth.

Enter sir Robert Brackenburie.

Bra. Well met faire Ladie, in the happiest time,
And choyssest place that my desire could wish,

Without

King Edward the fourth.

Without offence, where haue ye bene this way?

Ia. To take the aire here in Saint Georges field,
Sir Robert Brackenburie, and to visit some
poore patients that cannot visit mee.

Bra. Are you a physition?

Iane. I a simple one.

Bra. What disease cure pee?

Iane. Faith none perfectly,
My physicke doth but mittigate the paine
A little while, and then it comes againe.

Bra. Sweet mistress Shoare, I vnderstand ye not.

Iane. Maister lieutenant I beleue you well.

Iockie. Gude faith Sir Robert brobenbellie, my maistres
speakes deftly and truly, for shee hes beene till see thoe that
cannot come till see her: and theyes peatients perforce. The
prisoners man in the tiewa prisons. And shee hes gygne tham
her siller and her geere till bay tham sude.

Bra. Gramercies Iockie thou resolust my doubt,
A comfort ministring kind physition,
That once a weeke in her owne person visits,
The prisoners and the poore in Hospitalls,
In London or nere London euerie way,
Whose purse is open to the hungrie soule,
Whose pittious heart saue many a tall mans life.

Iane. Peace god sir Robert, tis not woorth praise,
Nor yet woorth thanks, that is of dutie done,
For you know well, the world doth know too well,
That all the coales of my poore charitie,
Cannot consume the scandall of my name,
What remedie: well, tell me gentle knight,
What meant your kinde salute and gentle speech,
At our first meeting, when you seemde to blesse
The time and place of our encounter heere?

Bra. Ladie there lies here prisonde in the Marshalsea,
A gentleman of good parents and good discent.
My deare nere kinsman, Captaine Harrie Stranguidge,

The First part of

As tall a skillfull Panigatoz tribe,
As ere set foote in any ship at sea,
Whose lucke it was to take a prize of France,
As hee from Rochell was for London bound:
For which (except his pardon be obtainde,
By some especiall fauorite of the King)
Hee and his crew, a companie of proper men,
Are sure to die, because twas since the League.
Iane. Let me see him and all his companie.
Bra. Keeper bring forth the Captain & his crew.

Enter Keeper, Stranguidge, Shoare disguisde,
and three more fettered.

Iockie. Now say oth diell, that like bonnie men
sud be hampert like plue Jades, weas me for ye
gude Lads.

Bra. I Cousin Harrie, this is mistris Shoare,
Pearelesse in Court, for beautie, bountie, pittie.

Iane viewes them all.

And if she can not saue thee, thou must die.

Stran. Will shee if she can?

Bra. I Cousin Stranguidge I.

Sho. O torment worse then death to see her face,
That causde her shame, & my vnjust disgrace, Sho. aside
O that our mutuall eyes were Basilisks,
To kill each other at his enteruiew,

Bra. How like ye him Ladie? you haue viewd him well?

Iane. I pittie him, and that same proper man,
That turnes his backe, ashamde of this distresse.

Sho. Ashamde of thee, cause of my beautiesse?

Ia. And all the rest, oh were the king returnde,
There might be hope, but ere his comming home,
They may be tribe, condemnd, and iudgde, and dead.

Sho.

King Edward the fourth.

Sho. I am condemn'd by sentence of defame, aside.
O were I dead I might not see my shame.

Bra. Your credit Ladie may prolong their triall,
What Iudge is he that will giue you dentall?

Ia. Ile rack my credit, and wil lanch my crownes,
To saue their liues, if they haue done no murther.

Sh. O thou hast crackt thy credit with a crown.
And murdred me poore Mathew Shoare a liue. aside.

Stran. Faire Ladie, we did shed no drop of bloud
For cast one Frenchman ouer boord, and yet,
Because the league was made befoze the fact,
Which we poore sea men God knowes neuer heard:
We doubt our liues, yea though we should restore
Treble the value that we toke, and moze.

It was lawfull prize when I put out to sea,
And warranted in my commission.

The kings are since combinde in amitie,
(Long may it last) and I vnwittingly
Haue toke a Frenchman since the truce was tane
And if I die, via, one day I must.

And God will pardon all my sins I trust,
My griefe will be for these poore harmelesse men,
Who thought my warrant might suborne the deed,
Chiefly that Gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who on (my soule) was but a passenger.

Iane. Well Captaine Stranguidge, were the king at home,
I could say moze.

Stran. Ladie, hees come a shoze.
Last night at Dover, my boy came from thence,
And saw his highnesse land.

Iane. Then courage sirs
Ile vse my fayrest meanes to saue your liues,
In the meane season spend that for my sake.

casts her purse.

Enter Lord Marquesse Dorset, and claps
her on the shoulder.

The First part of

Mar. By your leane mistress Shoare, I haue taken paines,
To find you out, come you must go with me.

Iane. Whither my Lord?

Mar. Vnto the Quene my mother.

Iane. God my Lord Marquesse Dorset wrong me not.

Mar. I can not wrong thee as thou wrongst my mother,
Ile bring thee to her let her vse her pleasure.

Iane. Against my will I wrong her good my Lord,
Yet am ashamde to see her maiestie.

Sweet Lord excuse me, say ye saw me not.

Mar. Shall I delude my mother for a whoze?
No mistress Shoare ye must go to the Quene.

Iane. Must I my Lord: what will she do to me?

Use violence on me now the kinges away?

Alas my Lord, behold this shewe of teares,
Which kind King Edward would compassionate,

Bring me not to her, she will slit my nose,

Or mark my face, or spurne me vnto death.

Loke on me Lord, can yee find in your heart?

To haue me spoild that neuer thought you harme?

Or rather with your rapier runne me through,

Then carrie me to the displeased Quene.

Shoare. O hadst thou neuer broke thy vow to me
From feare and wrong had I defended thee.

Mar. I am inextorable, therefore arise,
And go with me, what rascall crue is this,
Mistress Shoaers suters, such slaues make her proud,
What sir Robert Brackenburie you a Shorist too?

Bra. No Shorist, but to saue my Cosins life.

Mar. When ile be hangde if he escape for this,
The rather for your meanes to mistress Shoare.

My mother can do nothing, this whoze all.

Come away minion you shall prate no more.

Ia. Pray for me friends and I will pray for you,
God send you better hap then I expect,
Go to my lodging you, and if I perish,

Take

King Edward the Fourth.

Take what is there in lieu of your true service.

Ioc. For a mape sale asle nere for sake my gude maistresse,
Will aye bea sene tha worst that spight can du her.

Exeunt Marquesse, and Iane and theirs.

Sho. For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thee yet if I were free.

Bra. See cosin Stranguidge how the case is change,
She that should helpe thee can not helpe her selfe.

Stran. What remedie? the God of heauen helps all.
What say ye mates? our hope of life is dasht,
Now none but God, lets put our trust in him,
And euerie man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liu'd like men,
So like fall men together let vs die:
The best is if we die for this offence,

Our ignorance shall plead our innocence,

Keep. Your meat is readie (Captaine) you must in.

Stran. Must I? I will: Cosin what will you do?

Bra. Visit you sone, but now I will to Court
To see what shall become of mistris Shoare.

Stran. God speed ye well.

Keep. Come sir will you go in?

Sho. He eate no meat, giue me leaue to walke here,
Am I now left alone? no millions

Of miseries attend me euery where:

Ah Mathew Shoare, how doth all seeing heauen,
Punish some sinne, from thy blind conscience hid?

Inflicting paine where all thy pleasure was,

And by my wisse came all these woes to passe,

She falsde her faith, and brake her wedlocks band,

Her honour false, how could my credit stand?

Yet will not I pwe lane on thee exclaime,

Though guiltie thou, I guiltlesse suffer shame.

I left this land too little for my grieve,

Returning, am accounted as a theefe,

Who in that ship came but a passenger,

The second part of

To see my friends, hoping the death of her,
At sight of whom some sparkes of former loue,
(Vid in affections ashes) pittie moue,
Kindling compassion in my broken heart,
That bleeds to thinke on her insuing smart.
I see weake womens imperfections,
That leaue their husbands safe protections,
Vazarding all on strangers flatteries,
Whose lust alaid, leaues them to miseries,
See what dishonoz breach of wedlocke brings,
Which is not safe euen in the armes of kings:
Thus do I lane lament thy present state,
Wishing my teares thy torments might abate.

Exit.

Enter the Queene, Marquesse Dorset leading mistress
Shoare, who falls downe on her knees before the
Queene fearefull and weeping.

Qu. Now (as I am a Queene) a godly creature,
Honne how was she attended where you found her?

Mar. Madame I found her at the Marshalsea,
Going to visit the poore prisoners,
As she came by, hauing beene to take the ayre,
And there the keeper told me she oft deales
Such bounteous almes as seldome hath beene scene.

Qu. Now before God, she would make a gallant Queene,
But good soune Dorset stand aside awhile.
God saue your maiestie my Ladie Shoare,
My Ladie Shoare said I: Oh blasphemie,
To wrong your title with a Ladies name,
Queene Shoore, nay rather Empreesse Shoare,
God saue your grace, your maiesty, your highnes
Lord I want titles, you must pardon me:
What: you kneele there, King Edwards bedfellow
And I your subiect sit: fie, fie for shame.
Come take your place, & sit kneele where you do,

King Edward the Fourth.

I may take your place, you haue taken mine,
Good Lord that you will so debase your selfe:
I am sure you are our sister Queene at least,
Say that you are, then let vs sit together.

Iane. Great Queene, yet heare me, if my sinne committed,
Haue not stoppt vp all passage to your mercie,
To tel þe wrongs that I haue done your highnes,
Might make reuenge exceed extremitie,
Oh had I words or tongue to vtter it,
To plead my womans weaknesse, & his strength,
That was the onely worker of my fall.
Euen innocence her selfe would blush for shame,
Once to be namde or spoken of in this,
Let them expect for mercie whose offence,
May but be called sinne, oh mine is moze,
Prostrate as earth, before your highnesse seate,
Indict what torments you shal thinke most meet.

Ma. Spurne the whoze (mother) teare those enticing eyes,
That robd you of King Edwards dearest loue.
Mangle those locks, the baits to his desires,
Let me come to her, you but stand and talke,
As if reuenge consisted but in words.

Qu. Sonne stand aloofe, and do not trouble me,
Alas poore soule, as much adoe haue I, aside.
To forbear teares to keepe her companie.
Yet once moze will I to my former humor.
Why as I am, thinke that thou wert a Queene,
And I as thou should wrong thy princely bed,
And winne the king thy husband, as thou munc:
Would it not sting thy soule? O: if that I
Being a Queen, while þe didst loue thy husband:
Should but haue done as thou hast done to me,
Would it not grieue thee? yes I warrant thee.
There's not the meanest woman that doth liue,
But if she like and loue her husband well,
She had rather seele his warlike limmes in her bed

Then

The second part of

Then see him in the armes of any Queene,
You are flesh and blond as we, and we as you,
And all alike in our affections.
Though maiestie makes vs the more ambitious.
What tis to fall into so great a hand,
Knowledge might teach thee. There was once a King
Henry the second, who did keepe his lemman,
Cag'de vp at Woodstocke in a Labyrinth,
His Queene yet got a tricke to finde her out,
And how she vnde her, I am sure thou hast heard,
Thou art not melde vp in some secret place,
But kept in Court here vnderneath my nose,
Now in the absence of my Lord the King,
Haue I not time most fitting for reuenge?
Fairst Rosamond, she a pure virgin was,
Untill the King seduc'de her to his will.
She wrongd but one bed, only the angry Queenes,
But thou hast wronged two, mine & thy husbands,
Be thine owne Iudge, and now in iustice see,
What due reuenge I ought to take on thee.

Ia. Euen what you wil (great Queen) here do I lie,
Humble and prostrate at your Highnesse feet,
Inflict on me what may reuenge your wrong,
Was neuer lambe abode more patiently,
Then I will doe. Call all your griefes to mind,
And do euen what you will, or how likes you,
I will not stirre, I wil not shrike or crie,
Be it torture, poison, any punishment,
Was neuer Done, or Turtle more submisse,
Then I wil be vnto your chastisement.

M. Fetcht I her for this? mother let me come to her,
And what compassion will not suffer you
To do to her, referre the same to me.

Qu. Touch her not sonne, vpon thy life I charge thee,
But keepe off still, if thou wilt haue my loue. Exit, Ma.
I am glad to heare ye are so well resolu'de,

To

King Edward the fourth.

To beare the burthen of my lust displeasure.

She drawes forth a knife, and making as though she meant
to spoyle her face, runs to her, and falling on her
knees, embraces and kisses her, casting
away the knife.

Thus then Ile doe, alas poore soule,
Shall I weepe with thee: in faith poore hart I will,
Be of good comfort, thou shalt haue no harme,
But if that kisses haue the power to kill thee,
Thus, thus, and thus, a thousand times Ile stab thee.
Iane I forgive thee: what fort is so strong,
But with besieging he will batter it?
Weepe not (sweete Iane) alas I know thy sere,
Tought with the selfesame weaknes that thou art,
And if my state had been as meane as thine,
And such a beautie to allure his eye,
(Though I may promise much to mine owne strength)
What might haue hapt to me, I cannot tell.
Pay feare not, for I speake it with my hart,
And in thy sorrow truly beare a part.

Ia. Most high and mightie Quene, may I belene
There can be found such mercie in a woman,
And in a Quene, moze then in a wife,
So deeply wrongd as I haue wronged you:
In this bright chrystall myrror of your mercie,
I see the greatnesse of my sinne the moze,
And makes my fault moze odious in mine eyes,
Your princely pittie now doth wound me moze,
Then all your threatnings euer did before.

Q. Rise my sweet Iane, I say thou shalt not knéele,
Oh God forbid, that Edwards Quene should hate
Her, whom she knowes he doth so dearely loue,
My loue to her, may purchase me his loue.
Iane, speake well vnto the King of me and mine,
Remember not my sonnes ore-hastie speech,
Thou art my sister, and I loue thee so.

The second part of

I know thou maiest doe much with my dére Lord,
Speake well of vs to him in any case,
And I and mine will loue and cherish thee.

Iane. All I can do is all too little too,
But to requite the least part of this grace,
The dearest thoughts that harbour in this breast,
Shall in your seruice onely be exprest.

Enter King Edward angerly, his Lords following,
and sir Robert Brackenburie.

King. What is my lane with her? It is too true,
See where she hath her downe vpon her knees.
Why how now Bessie? what, will ye wrong my Iane?
Come hither loue, what hath she done to thee?

Iane fells on her Knees to the King.

Iane. Oh royall Edward, loue, loue, thy beauteous Queene,
The onely perfect myrrour of her kind,
For all the choylest vertues can be nam'de.
Oh let not my bewitching looks withdrow
Your deare affections from your dérer Queene,
But to requite the grace that she hath showne,
To me the worthelesse creature on this earth,
To banish me the Court immediately,
Great King let me but beg one haire of thee,
That Shoares wife nere do her more iniurie.

As Iane kneeles on one side the king, so the Queene
steps and kneeles on the other.

Qu. Nay then she beg against her royall Edward,
Loue thy lane still, nay more if more may be, kissing her.
And this is all the harme that at my hands
She shall endure for it. Oh where my Edward lones,
It ill beseemes his Queene to grudge thereof.

King. Sayest thou me so Bessie, on my kingly word,
Edward will honour thee in heart for this:
But trust me Bessie, I greatly was afraid,
I should not finde ye in so good a tune.

How

King Edward the fourth.

How now, what would our Constable of the Tower?

Bra. The Queene and misters Shoare do know my sute.

Qu. It is for Stranguidge and his men at sea,
Edward needs must you pardon them.

King. Haue I not boyled the contrarie already?
Dishonour mee when I haue made a league:
My word is past, and they shall suffer death,
Or neuer more let mee see France againe.

Iane. Why there is one was but a passenger.
Shall hee die too?

King. Passe me no passage Iane, wth he in companie,
hee dies for companie.

Qu. Good Iane intreat for them.

Iane. Come Edward, I must not take this answer,
Needs must I haue some gract for Stranguidge.

King. Why Iane, haue I not denide my Quene?
Yet what ist Iane I would denie to thee?
I prethee Brackenburie be not thou displeasde,
My word is past, not one of them shall liue,
One go & see them forthwith sent to death.

Exeunt.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, and Shaw.

Gloster. I cannot see this prophesie you speake of,
Should any way so much displease the King,
And yet I promise you good Brother Clarence,
Tis such a letter as concernes vs both,
That G. should put away King Edwards children,
And sit vpon his throne: that G. should well.

Cla. God blesse the king, & those two sweet young Princes.

Glo. Amen good brother Clarence:

Shaw. Amen.

Glo. And send them all to heauen shortly I beseech him.

Cla. The Kinges much troubled in his sicknesse with it.

Glo. I promise you hee is, and verie much,
But Doctor Shaw, who prophesied that G. should be so sadly
ominous

The second part of

ominous to vs :

Shaw. My Lord of Glocester, I receiue the same
From old frater Anselme of S. Bartholmewes.

Glo. A great learned man he was, and as I haue heard,
Hath prophesied of very many things,
I promise you it troubles me,
I hope in me his prophesie is true. aside.

Cla. And so it does me, I tell you brother Glocester.

Glo. I am sure it does, for loke you brother Clarence,
We know not how his Highnes will applie it,
We are but two, your selfe my Lord and I,
Should the yong Princes faile, which God defend.

Cla. Which God defend.

D. Shaw. Which God defend.

Glo. aside. But they should be cut off: Amen, Amen.
You brother first, and should your issue faile,
Woe I am next, the yongest of the three.
But how farre I am from a thought of that,
Heauen witnes with me, that I wish you dead. aside.

Cla. Brother I durst be swozne.

Glo. God blesse you al, and take you to him if it be his will.
Now brother, this prophesie of G. troubling the King,
He may as well applie it vnto Glocester,
My Dukedomes name, if he be lealous,
As vnto George your name, god brother Clarence,
God helpe, God helpe: ifaith it troubles me,
You would not thinke how: aside. that any of you liue.

Cla. It cannot chuse: how innocent I am,
And how vnspotted are my loyall thoughts
Vnto his Highnes, and those swete yong Princes,
God be my record.

Glo. Who you, I, I durst answer for you,
That I shall cut you off ere it be long. aside.

But reuerend Doctor, you can onely tell,
Being his Highnes Confessor, how he takes it. aside to

Shaw, you know my minde, a villaine like my selfe. Shaw.
Shaw

King Edward the fourth.

Shaw. My Lord of Clarence, I must tell your Lordship,
His Highnes is much troubled in his sicknes
With this same prophecie of G. Who is this G?
Most times he will demaund, then will he sigh,
And name his brother George, your selfe my Lord,
And then he strikes his breast, I promise you,
This morning in th'extreamest of his fitte,
He lay so still, we all thought he had slept,
When suddenly, George is the G. quoth he,
And gaue a groane, and turnde his face away.

Cl. God be my witnesse, witnesse with my soule,
My iust and bright thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to be transparent,
And my thoughts written in great letters there,
The world might read the secrets of my soule.

Glo. Ah brother Clarence, when you are suspected,
Well, well, it is a wicked world the while:
But shall I tell you brother in plaine tearmes,
I feare, your selfe and I haue enemies,
About the King, God pardon them,
The world was neuer woiser to be trusted:
Ah brother George, where is that lone that was:
Ah it is banisht brother from the world:
Ah Conscience, Conscience, and true brotherhood,
Tis gone, tis gone, brother I am your friend,
I am your louing brother, your owne selfe,
And lone you as my soule, ble me in what you please,
And you shall see I le doe a brothers part,
Send you to heauen I hope, ere it be long, aside.
I am a true stamp villaine as euer liue.

Cl. I know you will, then brother I beseech you,
Pleade you mine innocence vnto the King,
And in meane time to tell my loyaltie,
Ile keepe within my house at Bainards Castle,
Untill I heare how my dread Soueraigne takes it.

Glocester;

The second part of

Glo. Do so good brother.

Cla. Farewell good brother Gloster.

Glo. My teares will scarcely let me take my leave,
I loue you so: Farewell sweet George. Exit Cla.
So, is he gone: now Shaw tis in thy power,
To binde me to thee everlastingly,
And there is not one step that I shall rise,
But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse,
Thou shalt sit in my bosome as my soule,
Incense the king, now being as thou art,
So neere about him, and his Confessor,
That this G. onely is George Duke of Clarence,
Doctor thou needst not my instruction,
Thou hast a searching braine, a nimble spirit,
Able to master any mans affections.

Effect it Shaw, and bying it to passe ore,
He make thee the greatest Shaw that euer was.

Sha. My Lord, I am going by commandement,
Vnto the Marshalsea, to Captaine Stranguidge,
For Wyzacie of late condemnde to die,
There to confesse him and his companie,
That done, he come with speed backe to the king,
And make no doubt but he effect the thing.

Glo. Farewell gentle Doctor.

Sha. Farewell my Lord of Gloster. Exit.

Glo. Let me awake my sleeping wits a while,
Ha, the marke thou aimst at Richard is a crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that? Doctor play thou thy part,
He climbe vp by degrees, through many a heart.

Exit.

Enter Brackenburie with Vaux
the Keeper.

Bra. Why master Vaux is there no remedie?

But

King Edward the fourth.

But instantly they must be led to death:

Can it not be deferred till after noone,

O: but two howres, in hope to get reprie:

K. Maister Lieutenant, tis in vaine to speake,
The kinges incensoe, and will not pardon them,
The men are patient, and resolute to die,
The Captaine and that other Gentleman,
Haue cast the dice whether shall suffer first.

Bra. How fell the Lot, to Stranguide or to him?

Kee. The guiltlesse passenger must first go toot,

Bra. They are all guiltlesse from intent of ill.

Kee. And yet must die for doing of the deed,
Besides the Duke of Exeter found dead,
And naked floating vp and downe the sea,
Twixt Calice and our coast, is laid to them,
That they should rob, and cast him ouerboard.

Bra. My soule be pawnsone, they neuer knew of it.

Kee. Well bring them forth.

Bra. Stay them yet but an houre.

Kee. I dare not do it sir Robert Brackenburie,
You are Lieutenant of the Towre your selfe,
And know the perill of protracting time,
Moreouer heres that pickthanke Doctor Shaw,
The Duke of Glosters spaniell shutting them,
Come bring them forth.

Bra. Dooze Stranguide must thou die?

Enter one bearing a siluer Oare before Stranguide,
Shoare, and two or three more pinionde, and
two or three with bills, and a hangman.

Bra. Al. I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,
That Harrie Stranguide is thus cast away.

Strah. Good Cousin Brackenbury be as wel content
To see me die, as I to suffer death,
Be witnesse that I die an honest man,

Because

The second part of

Because my fact proues ill through ignorance,
And for the Duke of Erceter his death,
Hospeede my soule as I am innocent,
Here goes my griefe, this guiltlesse gentleman,
Like AEsops Stoke, that dyes for companie,
And came (God knowes) but as a passenger.
Ah master Flud, a thousand floods of woe
Ore-flow my soule, that thou must perish so.

Sho. Good Captaine let no perturbation,
Hinder our passage to a better world,
This last breaths blast will waste our weary soules,
Ouer deaths gulfe, to heauens most happy port,
There is a little battaile to be fought.

This while the hangman prepares, Shoare at this speech
mounts vp the ladder.

Wherein by lot the leading must be mine,
Second me Captaine, and this bitter breakfast,
Shall bring a sweeter supper with the Saints.

D.S. This Christian patience at the point of death,
Doth argue he hath led no wicked life,
How euer heaven hath laid this crosse on him,
Well Mathew Flud. so thou calst thy selfe,
Finish a good course as thou hast begun,
And cleere thy conscience by confession,
What knowst thou of the Duke of Erceters death?

Sho. So God respect the waygate of my soule, as I
know nothing.

Do.S. Then concerning this for which thou diest,
knew Stranguide of the league betwixt the Kings
before he took that prize?

Sho. No in my conscience.

Do.S. Stranguide what say you?

You see theres but a turne betwixt your liues,
You must be next, confesse and save your soule,

Concer,

King Edward the fourth.

Concerning that wherein I questionde him:
I am your ghostly father to absolue
You of your sinnes, if you confesse the truth.

Stran. True D. Shaw, and as I hope for heauen,
In that great day when we shall all appeare,
I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,
For of the league, till I had tane the prize.
Neither was Fludde, (that innocent dying man)
Euer with mee but as a passenger.

D.S. More happie he, well Flud forgive the world,
As thou wilt haue forgiveness from the heauens.

Sho. And so I doe, and pray the world forgive,
What wrong I did whilst I therein did liue,
And now I pray you turne your paines to them,
And leaue mee priuate for a little space,
To meditate vpon my parting hence.

D.Sha. Do gentle Flud, and we wil pray for thee.

Sho. Pray not for Flud, but pray for Mathew Shoare,
For Shoare couered with the cloake of Flud, aside.
If I haue sinnde in chaunging of my name,
Forgiue mee God, it was done to hide my shame,
And I forgive the world, King Edward first,
That wackt my state, by winning of my wife,
And though he would not pardon trespassse small,
In these, in me God knowes no fault at all,
I pardon him, though guiltie of my fall.
Perhaps he would, if hee had knowne it was I,
But twentie deaths I rather wish to die,
Than liue beholding for one minutes breath
To him, that liuing, wounded me with death.
Death of my ioy, and hell of my defame,
Which now shall die vnder this borrowed name.

Iane. God forgive thee, even as I forgive,
And pray thou maist repent while thou dost liue,
I am as glad to leaue this loathed light,
As to embrace thee on our marriage night.

The second part of

To die vnknowne thus, is my greatest good;
That Mathew Shoares not hangde, but Mathew floud.
For flouds of woe haue washt away the shore
That neuer wise nor kinne shall looke on moze:
Now when ye will, I am pzeperde to go.

Enter Iockie running and crying.

Iockie. Halw, halw, save for speede, vntape, vntruste, pull
downe, pul off, God leaue the King: off with the belters, hence
with the prisoners, a pardon a pardon.

Bra. Good newes vnlokt for, welcome gentle friend, who
bryngs the pardon?

Iockie. Stay first lat ma blaw: my mastres, mastres Shoare
shoe bryngs tha pardonne, tha kings pardonne: off with thoe
bands, bestow them o tha hangman, may mastres made mee
runne the neereft way oze tha fields, she rayds a pace the bee
way, shees at hand bay this: sirra yee that pzeech, come
down, lat Doctor Shaw hea your place, hees tha better schol-
ler, mastres Shoare bryng a new lesson for you.

Shoare. And I had read my latestt lesson well.
Had bee bene readie to haue said, Amen.

point to the hangman.
Now shall I lue to see my shame agen.

Shoare comes downe.
And had I dide vntwitting to my wiffe,
Rather then see her, though she bryng me life.

Enter Iane in haste, in her riding cloake and saue-
gard, with a pardon in her hand.

Iane. Alas I see that euen my smallest stay,
Had lost my labour, and cast them away,
God knowes I basted all that ere I might,
Here master Vaux, King Edward greets ye well,

King Edward the fourth.

His gracious pardon frees this Gentleman,
And all his companie from shamefull death.

All. God saue the king, & God blesse mistris Shoare.
Ioc. Amen, & keép these frea cōming here any marre.
Iane. You must discharge them payng of their lées,
Which for I feare their store is verie small,
I will defray, hold, here, take purse and all,
Pay master Vaux tis gold, if not inough,
Send to me, I will pay you royally.

Stran. Ladie, in the behalfe of all the rest,
With humble thanks I yéld my selfe your slaue,
Command their seruice, and command my life.

Ia. So Captain Stranguidge, let the king command
Your liues and seruice, who hath given you life,
These and such offices conscience bids me doe.

D.Sh. Wittie that ere alwy she trode her shoe.

Sh. I had that cōscience prickt when lone prouokt.

Bra. Ladie the last but not the least in debt,
To your deuotion for my Cousins life,
I render thanks, yet thanks is but a bycath,
Command (Madame) during life,
Olde Brackenburie bowes for you to stand,
Whil' st I haue limmes or any foote of land.

Sho. Thus is her glozy builded on the sand.

Iane. Thanks good M. Lieutenant of the Towre.
Sirra prepare my horse, why stay you here?
Pray ye commend me to my noble friend
The Duke of Clarence now your prisoner,
Bid him not doubt the kings displeasures past
I hope to gaine him fauour and release.

Br. God grant ye may, he's a noble Gentleman.

D.Sh. My patrone Gloster will crosse it if he can.

Enter a Messenger.

Nuntio. Wheres mistris Shoare? Ladie I come in post,
The King hath had a verie dangerous fit

The second part of

Since you came from him, twice his maiestie,
Hath swounded, and with much a doe reniu'de,
And still as breath will giue him leaue to speake,
He calls for you: the Quene and all the Lords
Hauē sent to seeke ye, haſt vnto his Grace,
Or else I feare you'll neuer see his face.

Ia. O God defend, good friends pray for the king,
More bitter are the newes which he doth bring,
Then those were sweet I brought to you but late:
If Edward die, confounded is my state,
Ile haſt vnto him and will spend my blood,
To saue his life, or do him any good.

Exeunt He and the Messenger.

Sh. And so would I for thee hadst thou been true:
But if I die, bid all thy pompe adieu.

Bra. Welcome he but I do not like these newes,
Of the kings dangerous sicknesse.

Keeper. No nor I,
Captaine, and maister Fludde, and all the rest,
I do reioice your pardon was obtainde,
Before these newes, these inauspicious newes,
If the king die, the state will soone be change,
M. Lieutenant, you'l goe to the Tower:
Ile take my leaue, gallants God blesse all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

St. Godhuoy M. Vaux, I was ye haſt good guests.

Bra. You shall be my guest for a night or two,
Cofin, till your owne lodging be preparde,
But tell me fir what meanes hath M. Fludde.

Stran. I cannot tell, Ile aske him if ye will.

Bra. Do so, and if his fortunes be debasde,
Ile entertaine him if heele dwell with me,
On good condition.

Stran. M. Mathew Fludde,
Heare ye my Cofin Brackenburies mind:
He hath conceiue such liking of your parts,

That

King Edward the fourth.

That if your meanes surmount not his suppose,
Heele entertaine ye gladly at the Tower,
To waite on him, and put ye in great trust.

Sho. In what I undertake I will be iust,
And hold me happie, if my diligence
May please so worthie a Gentleman as he,
What ere my fortunes haue bene, they are now,
Such as to seruice make their maister bow.

Bra. No Fludde moze like a friend & fellow mate,
I meane to vse thee, then a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the Tower,
And giue thee meanes to liue in some good sort.

Sh. I thanke ye sir, God grant I may deserue it.

Bra. Cousin and all your crue come home with me,
Where after sorrow we may merrie be.

Sho. The Tower will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may heare good newes & bad, and vse the best,
God blesse the king, a worse may wear the crown
And then Iane Shoare thy credit will come down,
For though Ie neuer bed nor bord with thee,
Yet thy destruction with I not to see,
Because I lou'de thee when thou wast my wisse,
Not for now sauing my disdained life,
Which lasts too long, God grant vs both to mend,
Well I must in my seruice to attend. Exit.

The Lord Louell and Doctor Shaw meet on the stage.

Sha. Well met my good Lord Louell.

Lo. Whither away so fast goes Doctor Shaw?

Sha. Why to the Tower, to shize the Duke of Clarence,
Who as I heare is salne so grienous sicke,
As it is thought he can by no meanes scape.

Lo. He neither can nor shall I warrant thee:

Sh. I hope my Lord he is not dead alreadie?

Lo. But I hope sir he is, I am sure I saw him dead,

The second part of

Of a filles death, drownd in a butte of Palmesey.

Sha. Drownd in a butte of Palmesey? that is strange,
Doubtlesse he neuer would misdoe himselfe?

Lo. No, that thou knowest right well, he had some helpers,
Thy hand was in it with the Duke of Glosters,
As smothly as thou seekest to couer it.

Sha. Oh fowle words my Lord, no more of that,
The world knowes nothing, then what should I feare?
Doth not your honour seeke promotion?
Oh giue the Doctor then a little leane,
So that he gaine preferment with a King,
Cares not who goes to wracke, whose heart doth wring.

Lo. A King? what King?

Sh. My Richard man? who else? good Lord I see,
Wise men sometimes haue weake capacittie.

Lo. Why is not Edward liuing? and if he were not,
Hath he not children? what shall become of them?

Sh. Why man, lining for beds, a knife, or so,
What make a boy a King, and a man by,
Richard, a man for vs: he that were a shame.
Say then I see if Edward were deceast,
Which way the game would go.

Sha. What else my Lord?

That way the current of our fortune runnes,
By noble Richard, gallant royall Richard,
He is the man must onely doe vs good,
So I haue honour, let me swimme through bloud.
My Lord, be but at Pauls crosse on Sunday next,
I hope I haue it here shall soundly prone,
King Edwards children not legitimate.
Say, and that for Edward ruling now,
And George the Duke of Clarence so late dead:
Their mother hapt to tread the shoe awry,
Why what is Richard then?

Sha. Tut, lawfull man, he saies it so himselfe.
And what he saies he be so bold to sweare,

Though

King Edward the fourth.

Though in my soule I know it otherwise,
Beware promotion while you liue my Lord.

Enter Catesbie.

Ca. A staffe, a staffe, a thousand crownes for a staffe.

Lo. What staffe sir William Catesbie?

Ca. Why man a white staffe for my lord Protector.

Lo. Why is King Edward dead?

Ca. Dead Louel, dead, and Richard our good Lord
Is made Protector of the sweete young Prince.
Oh for a staffe, where might I haue a staffe,
That I might first present it to his hand:

Sh. Now do I smell two Bishopricks at least,
My sermon shall be pepperd sound for this.

Enter mistress Shoare weeping, lockie
following.

Ca. Why how now mistress Shoare? what, put finger in the
(ele,
pay then I see you haue some cause to erie.

Lo. I blame her not, her chiefest stay is gone,
The onely staffe, she had to leane vpon,
I see by her these tidings are too true.

Ia. In my Lord Louell, they are too true indeed,
Royall King Edward now hath breath'd his last,
The Queene turnd out, and euerie friend put by,
None now admitted, but whom Richard please.

Lo. Why doubtlesse Richard wil be kind to you.

Iane. Ah my Lord Louell, God blesse me from his kindnes:
No sooner was the white staffe in his hand,
But finding me and the right wofull Queene,
Sadly bemoaning such a mightie losse:
Here is no place quoth he, you must be gone.
We haue other matters now to thinke vpon.
For you, (quoth he to me) ant bit his lip,
And strokeme with his staffe, but said no more.

Whereby

The second part of

Whereby I know he meaneth me no good.

Cat. Well mistress Shoare, its like to be a busse time,
Shift for your selfe, come lads let vs be gone,
Royall King Richard must be waite vpon.

Sh. Well mistress Shoare, if you haue need of me,
You shall commaund me to the vttermost.

Exeunt.

Ia. First let me die ere I do put my trust,
In any fltering Spaniel of you all.

Go Iockie, take downe all my hangings,
And quickly see my trunks be conuayde forth,
To mistress Blages, an Iane in Lombardstreete,
The Flower de Luce, god Iockie make some speed,
She, she must be my refuge in this need.
See it done quickly Iockie.

Exit.

Iockie. Whickly quoth a : marrie heres a whicke change
indeed, like whicke change did I nere see befoze. Now dreame
I, that ise be a verie pure fellow, and hardly ha any filler to
dynke with a gude fellow. But what stand I tatling heere.
I must goe do my maistres bidding, carrie all her stusse and
gere to mistress Blages, at the Flower de luce in Lombardstreet,
whicke then dispatch.

Exit.

Enter Brackenburie, and Floud, to them the two young
princes, Edward and Richard, Gloster, Cates.
Louell and Tirill.

Bra. Come hither Floud let me heare thy opinion,
Thou knowest I build vpon thy confidence,
And honest dealing in thy greatst affaires:
I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
Gloster I meane, Protector of the land,
Who giues in charge the Tower be preparte,
This night to entertaine the two young princes,
It is my dutie to obey I know,

But

King Edward the fourth.

But manifold suspicion troubles me.

Flo. He is their vncle Sir, and in that sence,
Nature should warrant their securitie,
Next his deceased brother at his death,
To Richards care committed both the realme,
And their protection: where humanitie
Stands as an Orator to plead ag. inst
All wzong suggestion of vnciuill thoughts:
Beside you are Lieutenant of the Tower,
Say there should be any hurt pretended,
The priuiledge of your authoritie
Pries into euerie corner of this house,
And what can then be done without your knowledges

Br. Thou sayest true Floud, though Richard be Protector,
When once they are within the Tower limits,
The charge of them (vnlesse he derogate)
From this my office, which was neuer scene,
In any kings time; doth belong to me:
And ere that Brackenburie will consent,
Dz suffer wzong be done vnto these babes,
His sword, & all the strength within the Tower
Shall bs opposoe agatnst the proudest commmer,
Be it to my soule as I intend to them.

Fl. And faith in me vnto this commonwealth,
And truth to men hath hitherto bene scene,
The Pylot that hath guided my liues course,
Though twas my fortune to be wzongd in both:
And therefore Sir neither the mighties frowne,
Nor any bzibes shall winne me other wise.

Bra. 'Tis well resolved: still me thinks they should
Be safe enough with vs, and yet I feare,
But now no moze, it seemes they are at hand.

Pr.Ed. Uncle what Gentleman is that?

Enter.

Gloster. It is (Sweet Prince) Lieutenant of the Tower.

Pr.Ed. Sir we are come to be your guests to night:
I pray you tell me did you euer know,

Exit

The second part of

Our father Edward lodge within this place,
Bra. Neuer to lodge (my liege) but oftentimes,
On other occasions I haue seene him here.

Ri. Whether last night when you did send for me
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marveld that my vncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a kings receipt,
Within this Citie, had appointed none,
Where you might keepe your court but onely here.

Gl. While brats, how they do descant on the Tower.
My gentle Nephew they were ill advise,
To tutor you with such unfitting tearmes,
(Who ere they were) against this royall mansion:
What if some part of it hath bene reseru'd,
To be a prison for Nobilitie?

Followes it therefore that it cannot serue,
To any other vse? Cesar himselfe
That built the same, within it kept his Court,
And many kings since him, the roomes are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you haue.

Pr.Ed. Vncle of Gloster, if you thinke it so,
Tis not for me to contradict your will,
We must allow it, and are well content.

Glo. On then a Gods name.

Pr.Ed. Yet before we go,
One question more with you My Lieutenant,
We like you well, and but we do perceiue,
More comfort in your looks, then in these walles,
For all our vncle Glosters friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heauie still as lead,
I pray you tell me, at which doore or gate
Was it my vncle Clarence did go in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Bra. At this my liege: why sighs your maiestie?

Prim.Ed.

King Edward the fourth.

Pr. Ed. He went in here that nere came back againe,
But as God hath decreede, so let it be,
Come brother shall we go?

Fish. Yes brother, any where with you. Exeunt.

Tirill puls Catesbie by the sleee.

Tir. Sir were it best I did attend the Duke,
Or stay his leysure till his backe returne?

Cat. I pray master Tirill stay without,
It is not good you should be seene by day
Within the Towre, especially at this time,
He tell his honour of your being here,
And you shall know his pleasure presently.

Tir. Euen so sir: men would be glad by any means,
To raise themselves, that haue bene onerthwone,
By fortunes scozne, and I am one of them.

Enter Duke of Glocester.

Here comes the Duke.

Glo. Catesbie, is this the man?

Cat. It is ffit like your excellencie.

Glo. Come neere.

Why name I heare is Tirill, is it not?

Tir. Iames Tirill is my name, my gracious Lord.

Glo. Welcome, it should appeare that thou hast bin
In better state then now it seemes thou art.

Tir. I haue bin by my sepy my Lord, though now deprest,
And clouded ouer with aduersitie.

Glo. Be rulde by me, & then thou shalt rise againe,
And proue more happie then thou euer wast,
There is but onely two degrees by which
It shall be needfull for thee to ascend,
And that is faith and taciturnitie.

Tir. If euer I proue false vnto your grace,
Conuert your fauour to afflictions.

Glo. But canst thou too bee secret?

Tirill.

The second part of

Tiril. Telle me my Lord:

This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blab.

Glo. Thy countenance hath like a silver key,
Opend the closet of my heart, read there,
If scholler like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art the man ordainde to serue my turne.

Tir. So farre as my capacitie will reach,
The sense my Lord is this, this night you say,
The two young Princes both must suffer death.

Gl. Thou hast my meaning, wilt thou do it, speak?

Tiril. It shall be done.

Glo. Enough, come follow me,
For thy direction, and say gold to see,
Such as must ayde thee in their Tragedie.

Enter mistress Blage and Iockie loden.

Bla. Welcome good Iockie, what good newes bring you?
Iockie Marrie mastres my gude mastres greets ye mastres,
and praies ye mastres till dight vppe her Chamber, soz sheel
lig we ye to night mastres. And heres her catte skinne till
she come.

Enter Iane.

Iane. Why how now loyterer? make ye no moze haste?
When will my trunkes and all my stufte be brought,
If you thus loyter, go, make hast withall.

Iockie. Marie sall aye, gynne yeele be bud patient a while.

Exit.

Iane. Now gentle mistress Blage the onely friend,
That fortune leaues me to relie vpon,
My counsels Closet and my Towre of strength,
To whom for safetie I retire my selfe,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
O smile on mee, and giue me gentle looks,
If I be welcome, then with chærefull heart,
And willing hand shew me true signes thereof.

Bla. Doubt ye of welcome Ladie to your friend?
Pay to your seruant, to your bradswoman,
To speake but truth, your bounties bond woman:

The

King Edward the fourth.

Use me, commaund me, call my house your owne,
And all I haue swæte Ladie at your will.

Iane. A way with titles, lay by courtly tearmes,
The Case is altered now the King is dead,
And with his life my saouring friends are fled,
No Madam now, but as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, praye Iane Shoare.

Bla. I loude you then, and since, and euer shall,
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall,
You when my husbands lewde transgression
Of all our wealth had lost possession,
By forfeiture into his Highnes hands,
Got restitution of our goods and lands,
He fled, and died in France, to heale that harme,
You helpte me to thre mannoys in fee farme,
The worst of which cleers threescore pound a yere,
Haue I not reason then to hold ye deere?
Des hadde what will vntill my life do end,
You are and shall be my best beloued friend,

Iane. How if misfortune my folly do succed.

Bla. Trust me true friends bide touch in time of need.

Iane. If want consume the wealth I had before.

Bla. My wealth is yours, and you shall spend my store.

Iane. But the Protector prosecutes his hate.

Bla. With me liue secret from the worlds debates.

Iane. You will be wearie of so badde a guest.

Bla. When let me neuer on the earth be blest.

Iane. Ah mistress Blage, you tender me such loue,
As all my sorowes from my soule remoue,
And though my portion be not verie large,
Yet come I not to you to be a charge,
Coyn, plate, and Jewels pryde at lowest rate,
I bring with me to maintaine my estate,
Worth twentie thousand pound, and my array,
If you suruiue to see my dying day,
From you no pennie will I giue away.

Blage.

The second part of

Blage. And I thanke you that so my wealth increast,
Am wortb I trow, tenne thousand pounds at least,
I thinke like two warme widowes we may liue,
Untill good fortune two good husbands giue,
For surely mistris Shoare your husbandes dead,
When heard yee of him?

Iane. Neuer since he fledde.

O mistris Blage, now put you in my head
That kills my heart, why should I breath this ayre,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repaire?

Oh were he here with mee to lead his life,
Although hee neuer vsde mee as a wife,
But as a drudge to spurne mee with his secte,
Yet should I thinke with him that life were swete,

Bla. How can ye once conceit so base a thing,
That haue bene kist and cokerd by a king,
Weepe not, you hurt your self by Gods blest mother,
Your husbandes dead woman, thinke vpon another,
Let vs in to supper, drinke wine, cheere your heart,
And whilst I liue, be sure ile take your part.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie, Shoare, Dighton,
Forrest, Tirill.

Tir. Sir I assure you tis my Lord Protectors warrant.

Bra. My friend, I haue conserd it with his letters,
And tis his hand indeed, ile not dente,
But blame mee not although I be precise,
In matters that so neerely do concerne mee.

Digh. My Lord Protector, sir I make no doubt,
Dare iustifie his warrant, though perhaps,
He doth not now acquaint you why he doth it.

Bra. I thinke sir theres no subject now in England,
Will vrges his Grace, to shew what he dare doe,
For will I aske him why hee does it,
I would I might, to ridde mee of my doubt. aside.

For. Why sir I thinke he needs no president,

King Edward the fourth.

For what he does, I thinke his power is absolute enough.

Bra. I haue no power sir to examine it.

For will I do: obey your warrant,
Which I wil keepe for my securitie.

Tir. You shall do well in that sir.

Bra. Heres the keyes.

Sho. And yet I could wish my Lord Protector,
Had sent his warrant thither by some other, aside.
I do not like their looks I tell you true.

Bra. For I flud I assure thee.

For. What does that haue matter to his master?

Digh. I heare him say hee does not like our looks?

Tir. Why not our looks sir?

For. Sirra we heare you.

Sho. I am glad you doe sir: all is one for that,
But if you did not hearken better now,
I neuer saw thre faces in whose looks,
Did euer sit more terro: or more death,
God blesse the Princes if it bee his will,
I do not like these villaines.

Digh. Zounds stab the villane, sirra do you brane use?

Sh. I thats your coming, for you come to stab.

Forrest. Stab him.

Shoare. Nay then Ile stabbe with thee.

Tirill. Zbloud cut his throat.

Braken. Hold Gentle men I pray you.

Shoare. Sir I am hurt, stabbd in the arme,

Braken. This is not to be iustified my friends, I
To draw your weapons here within the Towre,
And by the law it is no lesse then death,
I cannot thinke the Duke will like of this,
I pray pee be content, too much is done.

Tir. We might haue held his peace then, and beene quiet
Farewell, farewell.

Shoare. Hell and damnation follow murderers.

Bra. Goe flud get thee some surgeon to looke to thy wound.

Exit

The second part of

Hast no acquaintance with some skilfull Surgeon:
keepe thy wound close, and let it not take aire.

And for my owne part, I will not stay here.

Whither wilt thou go that I may send to thee.

Sho. To one mistris Blages, an Inne in Gracious strate,
Where you shall finde mee, or shall heare of mee.

Bra. Sweete Princely babes, farewell I feare you soze,
I doubt these eyes shall neuer see you moze.

Enter the two young Princes, Edward and Richard in
their gownes and cappes vnbutoffd,
and vntrust.

Richard. How does your Lordshippe?

Edward. Well good brother Richard, how does your selfe?
You told me your head ake.

Richard. Indeed it does, my Lord feele with your hands
how hot it is.

He laies his hand on his brothers head.

Edward. Indeed you haue caught cold,
With sitting yester night to heare me read,
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, poze little heart.

Richard. Would giue me leaue to wait vpon your Lordship.

Edward. I had moze need brother to wait on you:
For you are sicke, and so am not I.

Richard. O Lord, me thinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our graue:

Edward. I pray thee do not speake of graues sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest mee.

Ri. Why my Lord Brother, did not our Tutor teach vs,
That when at night we want vnto our bed,
We still should thinke we sent vnto our graue.

Ed. Yes thats true, y we should do as euery chritian ought,
To bee preparede to die at euery howze, but I am heauie.

Richard. Indeed and so am I.

Edward. Then let vs say our prayers and go to bed.

They

King Edward the fourth.

They kneele, and solemne musicke the while within, the
musicke ceaseth, and they rise.

Richard. What, blades your Grace?

Edward. A two drops and no more.

Richard. God blesse vs both, and I desire no more.

Edward. Brother see here what Dauid saies, and so say I;
Lord in thee will I trust although I die.

As the young Princes go out, enter Tirill.

Tirill. Go lay ye downe, but neuer more to rise,
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder,
That euer was committed since the world,
The verie sencelesse stones here in the walles,
Weake out in teares but to behold the fact,
We thinke the bodie lying dead in graues,
Should rise and crye against vs O harke, harke, A noyse
The Pandzakes theekes are musicke to their cries, within.
The verie night is frighted, and the starres,
Do drop like torches, to behold this deed:
The verie Center of the earth doth shake,
We thinke the Towre should rent downe from the toppe,
To let the heauen looke on this monstrous deede.

Enter at the one doore Dighton, with Edward vnder his arme,
at the other doore, Forrest with Richard.

Digh. Stand further damned rogue, and come not nere me.

Fo. Nay stand thou further villaine, stand aside.

Digh. Are we not both damned for this curst deed?

Fo. Thou art the witness that thou bearest the King.

Digh. And what bearest thou?

Fo. It is too true, oh I am damnde indeed,

He lookes downe on the boy vnder his arme.

Ti. I am as deepe as you, although my hand
Did not the deede.

Digh. O villaine, art thou there?

Fo. A plague light on thee.

Ti. Curse not, a thousand plagues will light vpon vs all.

¶

They

The second part of

They lay them downe.

The priest here in the Towre will burie them,
Let vs away.

Enter mistress Blage & her two men, bringing in Shoare alias
Floud, in a chaire, his arme bleeding apace

Bla. So, let him here a while, where is more aire,
How cheere you sir, alacke he doth beginne
To change his colour, where is mistress Shoare?
Gone to her Closet for a precious Balme,
The same (she said) King Edward vsde himselfe.
Alacke I feare heele die before shee come.
Runne quickly for some Rosa-solis, faint not sir,
Be of good comfort, come good mistress Shoare,
What haue you there?

Iane. Stand by and giue me leaue.

Bla. Unhappie me to lodge him in my house.

Iane. I warrant you woman, be not so afraid,
If not this bloud-stone hangde about his necke,
This balme will stanch it by the helpe of God:
Lift vp his arme whilst I do bath his wound,
The signe belike was here when he was hurt,
Else some principal and chiefe veine is pierst.

Bla. How euer sure the surgeon was a knaue,
That lookt no better to him at the first.

Ia. Blame him not mistress Blage, the best of them
In such a case as this, may bee to seeke.

Bla. How God be blessed, see the crimson bloud,
That was precipitate, and falling downe
Into his arme, retires into his face,
How fare you sir? how do you feele your selfe?

Sh. Oh wherfoze haue you wakt me from my sleepe?
And broke the quiet slumber I was in,
We thought I sate in such a pleasant place,
So full of all delight as neuer eie
Beheld, noz heart of man could comprehend,

King Edward the Fourth.

If you had let me go I felt no paine,
But being now reuok't my grieffe renewes.

Iane. Giue him some Rosa-solis mistris Blage,
And that will likewise animate the spzites,
And send alacritie vnto the heart,
That hath bin strugling with the pangs of death.

Bla. Here sir drinke this, you need not feare it sir,
It is no hurt, for I will be your taster,
Then drinke I pray you.

Ia. Now fellows raise his body from the chaire
And gently let him walke a turne or two.

Bla. Good sooth mistris Shoare, I did not thinke till now
You had bene such a cunning skilde Phisitian.

Sho. Oh mistris Blage, though I must needs confesse,
It would haue bene moze welcome to my soule,
If I had died and bene remoude at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,
Whereof I haue sustained no meane waight,
Then lingring here be made a packhorse still
Of torments, in comparisson of which
Death is but as the picking of a thorne,
Yet I do thanke you for your taken paines,
And would to God I could requite your lone.

Bla. Sir I did you little good, what was done
Ascribe the benefit and praise thereof
Vnto this Gentlewoman, kind mistris Shoare,
Who next to God preferude your feeble life.

Sho. How? Mistris Shoare, good friends let go your hold,
My strength is now sufficient of it selfe.
Oh is it she that still prolongs my woe?
Was it ordainde not onely at the first,
She should be my destruction, but now twisse,
When gracious destinies had brought about,
To ende this wearie pilgrimage of mine,
Must she and none but she preuent that good,
And stop my entrance to eternall blisse?

The First part of

Oh lasting plague, oh endlesse corrasine,
It now repents me double that I scape, te,
Since lifes made death, and lifes autho: hate.

Ia. Sir take my counsell and sit downe againe,
It is not good to be so bold of foot,
Upon the sudden till you haue more strength.

Sho. Mistris I thanke you, and I care not much
If I be rulde by you. fits downe.

Oh God that she should pittie me vnknowne,
That knowing me by her was ouerthrowne,
O: ignozantly she should regard this smart,
That heretofore sparde not to stab my heart.

Enter Brackenburie.

Bra. By your leaue mistris Blague, I am somewhat bold,
Is there not a Gentleman within your house,
Cald M. Floud, came hither hurt last night?

Bla. Is his name Floud, I knew it not till now,
But here he is, and well recovered,
Thanks to this Gentlewoman mistris Shoare.

Bra. Wardon me mistris Shoare, I saw you not,
And trust me I am sozie at the heart,
So good a creature as your selfe hath beene,
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are,
I promise you the world laments your case.

Ia. How mean you sir? I vnderstand you not?
Lament my case, for what? for Edwards death?
I know that I haue lost a gracions friend,
But that is not to be remedied now.

Bra. No mistris Shoare, it is for Richards hate,
That too much enuies your prosperitie.

Ia. I know he loues me not and for that cause,
I haue withdrauone me wholly from the court.

Bra. You haue not scene the Proclamation then?

Ia. The proclamation? no, what proclamation?

Bra. Oh mistris Shoare, the king in euery street
Of London, and in euerie bozough towne,

Throughout

King Edward the Fourth.

Throughtout this land hath publikely proclaimed,
On paine of death that none shal harbour you,
Or giue you food or cloathes to keepe you warme,
But hauing first done shamefull penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the Citie gates,
Into the naked cold forsaken field,
I fable not, I would to God I did,
See, heres the manner of it put in print,
It is to be sold in euerie Stationers Shop,
Besides a number of them clapt on poasts.

Where people crowding as they read your fall,
Some murmur, and some sigh, but most of them,
Haue their relenting eyes euen big with teares.

Ia. Gods wil be done, I know my sinne is great,
And he that is omnipotent and iust,
Cannot but must reward me heauily.

Bra. It grieues me mistris Shoare, it was my chance,
To be the first repozter of this newes.

Ia. Let it not grieue, I must haue heard of it,
And now as good, as at another time.

Bra. I pray pee mistris Blage haue care of Floud,
And what his charge is I will see you paide,

Exit.

Ia. Farewell to all that still shall be my song,
Let men impose vpon me nere such wrong,
And this extremitie shall seeme the lesse,
In that I haue a friend to leane vnto,
Sweet mistris Blage, there were vpon the earth,
No comfort left for miserable Iane,
But that I do presume vpon your lone,
I know though tyrant Richard had set downe,
A greater penaltie then is proclaimed,
Which cannot wel be thought, yet in your house,
I should haue succour and reliefe beside.

Bla What, and so I should be a traitor, should I?
Is that the care you haue of me and mine?
I thanke you truly, no theres no such matter,

The First part of

I loue you well, but loue my selfe better:
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly,
But being otherwise, I do reiect you,
And will not cherishe my kings enemye:
You know the danger of the Proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my house.

Ia. When was it euer een lane Shoare was false
Cyther vnto her countrey, or her king?
And therefore tis not well good mistris Blage,
That you bpbraid me with a traitors name.

Bla. I, but you haue bene a wicked liuer,
And now you see what tis to be vnchaste,
You should haue kept you to your honest husband:
It was neuer other like but that such filthinesse,
Would haue a foule and detestable end.

Ia. Time was that you did tell me otherwise,
And studied how to set a glosse on that
Which now you say is ugly and deforme.

Bla. I told you then as then the time did serue,
And moze indeed to trie your disposition,
Then any way to incourage you to sinne:
But when I say you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on tearmes of modestie,
I left you to your owne arbitrement:
Can you denie it was not so: how say you?

Ia. We will not mistris Blage dispute of that,
But now in charitie and womanhood,
Let me find fauour if it be but this,
That in some barne or stable I may shrowde,
Till other wise I be prouided for.

Bla. I pray you do not vge me mistris Shoare.
I will not haue my house endangered so.

Ia. Oh you did promise I should neuer want,
And that your house was mine, & swoze the same,
To keepe your oath be then compassionate.

Bla.

King Edward the fourth.

Bla. So you do sweare you would be true to Shore,
But you were not so good as your word,
My oathes disherit which by the kings commaund.

Iane. Yet let me haue those iewels and that money,
Which is within my trunks.

Bla. I know of none:
If there be any, he be so bold,
As keepe it for your diet and your mans,
It is no little charge I haue beene at,
To feede your daintie tooth, since you came hither,
Beside houserome, I am sure is somewhat woorth.

Sho. Ah Iane I cannot chuse but pittie thee,
Heres the first step to thy deepe miserie.

Ia. Oh that my graue had the bin made my house,
When either first I went vnto the Court,
Or from the court returnd vnto this place.

Enter two Apparators.

Ser. Now now, what are you? It had been maners
You should haue knockt before you had come in.

1. Ap. We are the Bishops Parators my friend,
And mistris Shoare our errand is to you.
This day it is commanded by the King,
You must be stript out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheete go from Temple barre,
Untill you come to Algate, bare footed,
Pour haire about your eares, and in your hand,
A burning taper, therefore go with vs.

Iane. Euen when and whither you wil, and would to God,
The King as soone could ridde my soule of sinne,
As he may stript my bodie of these ragges.

2. Ap. That would be soone enough, but come away,
And mistris Blage youle hardly answer it,
When it is knowne we found her in your house.

1. Ap. It seemes you do not feare to harbour her.

Bla. I harbour her? out on her strumpet queane,
She prest vpon me where I would or no:

He

The second part of

Ile see her hangde ere I will harbour her.
So now her ieiwels and her gold is mine,
And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
Wealthier by this match then I was befoze:
And what can be objected for the same,
That once I lou'de her: well perhaps I did,
And women all are gouern'd by the Mone,
But now I am of another humour,
Which is you know a planet that will change.

Cat. Now M. Sheriffe of London do your office,
Attach this rebell to his Maiestie,
And hauing script her to her petticoate,
Turne her out a dozes, with this condition,
That no man harbour her, that durst presume
To harbour that lewde curtizan Shoares wife,
Against the strait commandement of the King.

Bl. I beseech you sir.

Cat. Away with her I say.

The while ile seaze vpon her house & goods,
Which wholly are confiscate to the King. Exit.

Sho. Oh what haue I beheld, were I as young,
As when I came to London to be prentice,
This pageant were sufficient to instruct,
And teach me euer after to be wise.

First haue I scene desert of wantonnesse,
And breach of wedlocke: then of flatterie,
Pert of dissembling loue, and last of all,
The ruine of base catching auarice:
But worse Iane Shore in that I lou'de thee once,
And w is thy husband I must pittie thee,
The sparkes of olde affection long agoe,
Rakte vp in ashes of displeasure kinde,
And in this furnace of aduersitie,
The world shall see a husbands loyaltie. Exit.

Enter Doctor Shaw pensiuely reading on his booke, after

him

King Edward the fourth.

him followes the Ghost of Frier Anselme, with a lighted torch.

Sha. *Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas*

Bastardly slips haue alwaies slender growth.

Ah Shaw, this was the cursed theame,

That at Pauls crosse thou madest thy sermon of,

To proue the lawfull issue of thy King,

Got out of wedlocke, illegittimate.

Ah Duke of Gloster this didst thou procure.

Did Richard (villaine) no it was thy fault,

Thou wouldst be wonne to such a damned deed,

Which now to think on makes my soule to bleed.

Ah Frier Anselme, sleepe among the blest,

Thy prophesse thus falsely did I weest.

Enter Anselme.

An. Thou didst, and be thou damnde therefore,

Here come thy soule where blessednesse abides,

Didst thou not know the letter G. was Gloster?

Sh. Anselme I did.

An. Why then didst thou affirme,

That it was meant by George the duke of Clarence

That honourable harmelesse Gentleman,

Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,

Yet came through thee to such a lucklesse death.

Sa. I was enforced by the Duke of Gloster.

An. Enforced saist thou? wouldst thou then be enforced,

Being a man of thy profession,

To sinne so vilely, and with thine owne mouth,

To damne thy soule? No thou wast not enforced,

But gaine and hope of high promotion

Hyde thee thereto, say was it so or no?

Sha. It did, it did.

An. Why then record in thy black hellish thoughts,

How many mischiefes haue ensued hereon?

First wronged Clarence drowned in the Towre,

Next, Edwards children murdered in the Towre:

This

The second part of

This day at Pomfret noble Gentlemen,
Wher the Quenes kinned, lose their harmefulle heads.
Thinkest thou that here this flood of mischief stales?
No villaine, many are markt to the blocke,
And they the nearest, thinke them furthest off,
Euen Buckingham, creatoꝝ of that king,
Shall be to woe and wretched ending bring.
All this (accursed man) hath come by thee,
And thy false wrestling of my prophetic,
For Englands good disclosed to thy trust,
And so it had bene, hadst thou proued iust.
But thou and euerie one that had a hand,
In that most wofull murder of the Princes,
To satall ends you are appointed all.
Here in thy studie shalt thou sterne thy selfe,
And from this houre not taste one bit of swe,
The rest shall after follow on a row,
To all their deaths, vengeance will not be slow.

Enter a Messenger to Shaw.

Mes. Where is M. Doctor Shaw?

Sha. Here friend, what is thy will with me?

Mes. R. Richard prays yee to come to him strait.
For he would be confest.

Sha. I cannot come, I pray thee take that Frier,
For he can do it better farre then I.

Mes. A Frier M. Doctor I see none.

Sha. Dost thou not? no, thy vntainted soule
Cannot discern the hoꝝroꝝ that I do.

An. Shaw go with him, & tell that tyrant Richard,
He hath but thre peares limited for life,
And then a shamefull death takes hold on him,
That done, returne, and in thy studie end
Thy loathed life that dost vs all offend.

Sha. With all my heart, would it were ended now,
So it were done, I care not where nor how.

Exeunt.

Enter

King Edward the fourth.

Enter the two Parators, with mistress Shoare in a white sheet,
barefooted, with her haire about her eares,
and in her hand a waxe taper.

1. Par. Now mistress Shoare, here our commission ends,
Put off your roabe of shame, for this is Algate,
Whither it was appointed we should bring you,

1a. My roabe of shame? Oh that so foule a name
Should be applyed vnto so faire a garment,
Which is no more to bee condemnde of shame,
Then snow of putrefaction is deserue,
To couer an infectious heape of dung,
My roabe of shame, but not my shame put off,
For that sits branded on my sozehead still,
And therefore in derision was I wyapt,
In this white sheete: and in derision boze
This burning taper, to expresse my folly,
That hauing light of reason to direct mee,
Delighted yet in by-wates of darke error.

2. P. Wel mistress Shoare, I hope you grudge not vs,
We the lode you all the fauour poze men could.

Iane. Oh God forbid: I know the Kings Edict
Set you a worke, and not your owne desires.

1. Par. I truly mistress, and for our parts,
We could be well content twere other wise,
But that the lawes seuer, and so we leaue you.

Exit.

Iane. Farewell vnto you both: and London too,
Farewell to thee, where first I was intide,
That scandalize thy dignitie with shame,
But now thou hast returnde me treble blame,
My tongue that gaue consent inioynde to beg,
Mine eyes adiudgde to houely laments,
Mine armes for their embracing, catch the aire,
And these quicke nimble feet that were so readie
To step into a kings forbidden bed,
London thy slints haue punisht for their pryde,

And

The second part of

And thou hast drunke their blood for thy revenge,
What now availes to thinke what I haue borne,
Then welcome nakednesse and pouertie,
Welcome contempt, welcome you barren fields,
Welcome the lacke of meat, and lacke of friends,
And wretched lane, according to thy state,
Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be :
All things that breath in their extremitie,
Haue some recourse of succour, thou hast none,
The child offended flies vnto the mother,
The Soldiour stricke, retires vnto his Captain,
The fish distressed, slides into the riuer,
Birds of the ayre do flie vnto their dammes,
And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded
Pay, beat the spanniel, & his master mones him,
But I haue neither where to shroud my selfe,
Nor any one to make my mone vnto,
Come patience then, and though my bodie pine,
Make then a banquet to refresh my soule,
Let hearts deepe throbbing sighs be all my bread,
My drinke salt tears, my guests repentant thoughts
That who so knew me, and doth see me now,
May shunne by me the breach of wedlockes bow.

Enter Brackenburie with a prayer booke, & some
reliefe in a cloath for mistris shoare.

Bra. Oh God how full of dangers growes these tū
And no assurance scene in any state,
No man can say that hee is maister now,
Of any thing is his, such is the tide
Of sharpe disturbance running through the land,
I haue giuen ouer my office in the Towre,
Because I cannot brooke their vile complots,
Nor smother such outrageous villanies:
But mistris Shoare, to be so basely wrongde,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And vildly vnde, that hath so well deseru'de,
It doth afflict me in the verie soule,
She saū'de my kinsman, Harrie Stranguidge life,
Therefore in dutie am I bound to her,
To do what good I way, though law sozbid,
See where she sits, God comfort the good soule,
First take that to relēue thy bodie with,
And next receiue this booke, wherein is sode,
Manna of heauen to refresh thy soule:
These holy meditations mistris Shoare,
Will yeeld much comfort in this miserie,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer linne,
That God may be bnmindfull of thy sinne.

Ia. Master Lieutenant, in my hart I thank ye,
For this kind comfort to a wretched soule:
Welcome sweet prayer-booke, food of my life,
The soueraigne balme soz my sicke conscience:
Thou shalt be my soules pleasure and delight,
To wipe my sinnes out of Iehouas sight.

B. Do so good mistris Shoare, now I must leaue ye,
Because some other businesse calls me hence,
And God I pray regard your penitence. Exit.

Ia. Farewell sir Robert, and soz this good to mee,
The God of heauen bee mindfull still of thee.

As she sits weeping and praying, enters at one doore
young M. Aire, and old Rufford at another.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be far off,
For but euen now I met the officers,
That were attendant on her in her penance,
Ponder she sits, now then Aire she w thy selfe,
Thankfull to her, that sometime saū'de thy life,
When Law had made thee subiect to base death,
Giue her thy purse, soz here comes some Ladie,
Stand by a while, soz feare thou be discovered.

Ruf.

The second part of

Ruff. What mistress Shoare, King Edwards concubine,
Set on a mole-hill, oh disparagement.

A thzone were fitter for your Ladiship,
Fie will you flubber these faire cheekes with teares?
O sit so solitarie, wheres all your seruants?
Where is your gowne of silke, your periwigs,
Your fine rebatoes, and your costly Iewels,
What not so much as a shoe vpon your fote,
Nay then I see the world goes hard with whores.

Aire. The villaine flane gibes at her miserie.

Ruf. Now whether is it better to be in court,
And there to beg a licence of the King,
For transportation of commodities,
Then here to sit forsaken as thou dost,
I thinke vpon condition Edward liude,
And thou were still in fauour as before,
Thou wouldest not say that Rufford had deseru'de,
To haue his eares rent for a worse suite,
Then licence to shippe ouer coine and leade,
What not a word, saith wench Ile tell thee what,
If thou dost thinke thy olde trade out of date,
Go learne to play the bawde another while.

Ai. Inhumane wretch, why dost thou scoone her so,
And bere her griued soule with bitter taunts,

Ruf. Because I will, shee is a curtisan,
And one abhorred of the world for lust.

Air. If all thy faultes were in thy forehead wast,
Perhaps thou wouldest thy selfe appeare no lesse,
But much more horrible then she doth now.

Ruff. You are no iudge of mine, sir.

Aire. Why not thou of her.

Ruf. The world hath iudgde, and found her guilty,
And tis the Kings commaund she be held odious.

Aire. The King of heauen commandeth other wise,
And if thou be not willing to relieue her,
Let it suffice thou seest her miserable,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And studie not to amplifie her griefe.

Enter mistress Blage verie poorely a begging, with her basket and clap-dish.

What other wofull spectacle comes here?

Mistress take that and spend it for my sake.

When Rufford looks away, Aire throwes his purse to mistress Shoare.

Bla. Oh I am pincht with more the common want,
Where shall I find reliefe? Good Gentleman,
Pittie a wretched woman like to starue,
And I will pray for yee. One halsepennie
For Christs sake, to comfort me withall.

Ruf. What mistress Blage, ist you? no maruall sure,
But you should be relieude, a halsepennie quotha?
I marie sir, and so be hangde my selfe,
Not I, this Gentleman may if he please,
Get you to your companion mistress Shoare,
And then there is a paire of queanes well met,
Now I betbinke mee, Ile go to the King,
And tell him that some will relieue Shoares wife,
Except some officer there be appointed,
That carefully regards it be not so.

Whereof my selfe will I make offer to him,
Which questionlesse hee cannot but accept,
So shall I til pursue Shoares wife with hate,
That scornd mee in her high whoores estate. Exit.

Bla. Good Gentleman bestow your charitie,
One single halsepennie to helpe my neede.

Aire. Not one, were I the master of a mint,
What succour thee that didst betray thy friend?
See where she sits, whom thou didst scorne indeed,
And therefore rightly art thou scornde againe:
Thou thoughtst to beene riched with her goods,
But thou hast now lost both thy owne and hers,
And for my part, knew I t would saue thy life,

Thou

The second part of

Thou shouldst not get so much as a crum of bread
Packed counterfeit, packed away dissembling drab.

Bla. Oh miserie, but shall I stay to looke
Her in her face, whom I so much haue wronged?

Ia. Yes mistress Blage, I freely pardon you,
You haue done me no wrong, come sit by mee:
I was so in wealth, why not in pouertie?

Bla. Oh willingly if you can brooke her presence,
Whom you haue great er reason to despise.

Ia. Why woman, Ric hard that hath banisht me,
And seeks my ruine (causelesse though it bee)
Do I in heart pray for, and will do still,
Come thou & share with me what God hath sent,
A stranger gaue it mee, and part thereof
I do as freely now bestow on you.

Bla. I thanke you mistress Shoare, this courtesie
Renewes the grieve of my inconstancie.

Enter master Shoare with reliefe for his wife.

Sho. Ponder shee sits how like a withered tree,
That is in winter leauelesse and bereft
Of linely sappe, sits she poore abiect soule,
How much vnlike the woman is shee now,
She was but yesterday: so short and brittle
Is this worlds happines: but who is that,
False mistress Blage? how canst thou brook his lane?
I thou wast alwaies mild and pittifull,
Oh hadst thou bene as chaste, we had bene blest,
But now no more of that: she shall not starue,
So long as this, and such as this may serue,
Here mistress Shoare, feed on these homely Cates,
And there is wine to drinke them downe withal.

Ia. God sir your name, that pitties poore Ia. Shoare
That in my prayers I may remember you.

Sho. No matter for my name, I am a friend,
That loues you well, so farewell mistress Shoare,

when

King Edward the fourth.

When that is spent, I bow to bring you more.

Ia. Gods blessing be your guide where ere you go,
Thus mistress Blage you see amongst our woe,
For all the world can doe, God sends reliefe,
And will not yet wee perish in our griefe,
Come let vs step into some secret place.

Bla. It is not amisse, if you be so content,
For here the fieldes tw open & frequent. Exeunt.
Where vndisturbde we may partake this grace.

Master Shoare enters againe.

Sho. What is she gone so soone; alacke poore Iane,
How I compassionate thy wofull case:
Whereas we liude together man and wifely,
Sit on an humble stole by the fire side,
Sate she contented, when as my high heat,
Would chide her for it. But what would she saye
Husband we both must lower sit one day,
When I dare sweare she neuer dreamd of this,
But see good God what prophesying is.

Enter Rufford and Fogge, with the counterfeit letters

Parents, Shoare stands aside.

Ruff. This is King Richards hand, I know it well,
And this of thine is iustly counterfeit,
As hee himselfe would sweare it were his owne.

Sho. The kings hand counterfeitt list more of that.

Ruff. Why euerie letter, euerie little dash,
In all respects alike, how may I vse,
My transportation of my co:ne and hies,
Without the danger of forbidding lawe,
And so I would have done in Edwards daies,
But that good mistress Shoare did please to crosse me,
But marke how now I will requite her for it.
I moude my sute, and plainly tolde the King,
Som would relieue her, if no man had charge,
To see severely to the contrarie.

L

Forthwith

The second part of

Northwith his Grace appointed mee the man,
And gave mee officers to waite vpon mee,
Which will so countenance thy cunning worke,
As I shall no way be suspected in it: how saist thou Fogge?

Fogge. It will do well indeed:

But good sir haue a care in any case,

For else you know what harme may come thereon.

Ruff. A care saist thou? why man, I will not trust

My house, my strongest locks, nor any place,

But mine owne bosome, there will I keepe it still,

If I miscarrye, so doth it with mee.

Shoare. Are yee so cunning sir, I say no more,

Iane Shoare o? I may giue tance you for this. Exit.

Ruff. Well Fogge I haue contented thee,

Thou maist be gone, I must about my charge,

To see that none relæue Shoares wife with ought. Exit. Fog.

Enter the Officers with bills.

Come on good fellows, you that must attend,

King Richards seruise vnder my command,

Your charge is to be verie vigilant,

Ouer that strumpet whom they call Shoares wife:

If any traistour giue her but a mite,

A draught of water, o? a crust of bread,

O? any other fode what ere it bee,

Lay hold on him, for it is present death,

By good King Richards proclamation,

This is her haunt, here stand I sentinell,

Keepe you vnsene, and adoe mee when I call.

Enter Iockie and Ieffrey, with a bottle of Ale, Cheese, and

halfepennie loaues, to play at bowles, mistres Shoare

enters and sits where she was wont.

Iock. Now must I vnder colour of playing at bowles, help
till relæue my gude maistres, maistres Shoare. Come Ief-
frey, wee will play fine vp for this bottle of Ale, and ponder
gude pure woman shall keepe the stakes, and this cheese shall
be the measter.

They

King Edward the fourth.

They play still toward her, and lockie often breakes bread
and cheefe, & giues her, till Ieffrey being cald away
then he giues her all, and is apprehended.

Ruf. Here is a villaine, that wil not relieue her,
But yet heele lose he bowles, that way to helpe her,
Apprehend him fellowes when I bid ye:
Although his mate be gone, he shal pay for it.
Take him, and let the Beadles whip him well.

lock. Heare ye sir, shall they be whipt and hangd that giue
to the pure, then they shall bee damne that take fro the pure.
They lead him away.

Enter young Aire againe, and Shoare stands
aloofe off.

Aire. Oh ponder sits the sweet forsaken soule,
To whom for euer I stand deeply bound:
She sau'de my life, then Aire helpe to saue hers.

Ruf. Whither go ye sir?

You come to giue this strumpet some reliefe.

Air. She did more good then euer thou canst doe,
And if thou wilt not pittie her thy selfe,
Giue others leaue, by dutie bound thereto:
Here mistress Shoare, take this, and would to God
It were so much as my poore heart could wish.

He gives his purse.

Sho. Who is it that thus pitties my poore wife?

It is M. Aire, Gods blessing on him for it.

Ruf. Darest thou do so Aire?

Air. Rufford I dare do more:

Here is my ring, it wales an ounce of Gold,
And take my cloake to keepe ye from the cold.

Ruf. Thou art a traitor Aire.

Air. Rufford, thou art a villaine so to call me.

Ruf. Lay hold on him, attach him officers.

Air. Rufford, ile answer thine arrest with this.

The second part of

He drawes his rapier, but is apprehended.

Ruff. All this contending sir will not auaille,
This treason will be rated at thy life.

Aire. Life is too little for her sake that saide it.

Sho. Is he a traitour sir, for doing good?

God saue the King, a true heart meanes no ill.

I trust he hath reclaimde his sharpe edict,
And will not that his poorest subject perish,
And so perswaded I my selfe will doe,
That which both loue and nature binds me to.
I cannot giue her as she well deserues,
For she hath lost a greater benefite.
Some woman take that purse.

Ruff. He take away.

Sho. You shall not sir, for I will answere it,
Before the King if you inforce it so.

Ruff. It must be so, you shall vnto the King.

Sho. You will be he will first repent the thing:
Come M. Aire, he bears ye companie,
Which wise men doth say ease calamitie, • Exeunt.

Iane. If griefe to speech free passage could afford,
Or for eche woe I had a fitting word,
I might complaine, or if my floods of teares,
Could moue remorse of minds, or pearce dul ears,
Or wash away my cares, or cleanse my crime:
With words & teares I would bewaile the time.
But it is bootlesse, why liue I to see,
All those despised that do pittie me.

Despised: alas, destroyed, and led to death,
That gaue me almes here to prolong my breath.
Fa're Dames behold, let my example proue,
There is no loue like to a husbands loue. Exit.

Enter King Richard, Louell, Catesbie, Rufford, Sho ar,
and Ayre pinioned, and led betwixt two Officers.

Glo. Now tell vs Rufford which of these it is,

That

King Edward the fourth.

That in the heat of his vphewed spleene,
Contemnes our crowne, disdaines our dignitie,
And armes himselfe against authoritie.

Ruff. Both haue offended my dread soueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capitall,
These lines declare what, when, & where it was.

Glo. Which is that Aire?

Ruff. This young man my Liege.

Glo. I thought it was some hot dissemperd blood,
That fierd his gyddie bzaire with businesse;
Is thy name Aire?

Aire. It is.

Glo. This paper saies so.

Aire. Verish may be that made that paper speak.

Glo. Ha? Dost thou with confusion vnto vs?
This paper is the Organe of our power,
And shall pronounce thy condemnation,
We make it speake thy treasons to thy face,
And thy malicious tongue speakes treason still.
Relieu'st thou Shoaers wisse in contempt of vs?

Aire. No, but her iust desert,
She sau'de my life, which I had forfeited,
Whereby my goods and life she merited.

Glo. And thou shalt pay it in the selfe same place,
Where thou this man our Officer, didst out face,
And scorn'dst vs saying if we stood by,
Thou wouldst relieue her.

Aire. I do not denie,
For want of food her breath was nere expired,
I gaue her meanes to buy it vnderde,
And rather chuse to die for charitie,
Then liue condemned of ingratitude.

Gl. Your good deuotion brings you to y gallows,
He hath his sentence, Rufford see him hangd.

They lead out Aire.

Now sir your name?

The second part of

Sho. Is it not written there?

Glo. Heres Mathew Floud.

Ruf. What is his name my Lord.

Glo. Is thy name Floud?

Sho. So M. Rufford saies.

Glo. Floud and Aire? the elements conspire,
In ayre and water to confound our power:
Didst thou relieue that hateful wretch Shoares wife?

Sho. I did relene that wofull wretch Shoares wife.

Glo. Thou seemst a man well staide and temperate,
Durst thou infringe our proclamation?

Sho. I did not breake it.

Ruf. Yes, and added moze,
That you would answere it before the King.

Sho. And added moze, you would repent the thing.

Ru. Who, I: his Highnes knowes my innocence,
And readie seruice with my goods and life,
Answere thy treasons to his maiestie.

Glo. What canst thou say Floud why thou shouldst not die?

Sho. Nothing, for I am mortall and must die,
When my time comes, but that I thinke not yet.
Although (God knowes) eue houre I wish it were,
So full of dolor is my wearie life:

Now say I this, that I do know the man,
Which doth abette that traitterous libeller,
Who did compose & spread that slanderous rime,
Which scandals you, and doth abuse the time.

Glo. What libeller: another Collingborne?
What wrote: The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our Dog,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Canst thou repeat it Floud?

Sho. I thinke I can if you commaund me so.

Glo. We do commaund thee.

Sho. In this sort it goes.

The crooke bakt Boare the way hath found,
To roote our Roses from our ground,

Both

King Edward the fourth.

Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till King of beasts the swine be crownde:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.

Finis quoth M. Fogge, chiefe secretarie and counsel-
lor to M. Rufford.

Glo. How saist thou Floud, doth Rufford foster this?
Sho. He is a traitor, if he do my Lord.

Ruf. I foster it: dread Lord I aske no grace,
If I be guiltie of this libelling,
Touchsafe me iustice as you are my Prince,
Against this traitor, that accuseth me.

Sh. What iustice crav'st thou? I will combat thee,
In signe whereof I do vnbutton me,
And in my shirt my chalenge will maintaine,
Thou cal'st me traitor, I will proue thee one,
Open thy bosome like me if thou dar'st:

Ruf. I will not be so rude before his grace.

Sh. Thou wilt not ope the packe of thy disgrace.
Because thy doublets stuf with traisterous libels.

Glo. Carestie teare off the buttons from his breast.
What findest thou there?

Cat. Your highnes hand and seale,
For transportation of Hides, Cozne and Lead.

Glo. Traitor, did I signe that commission?

Ruf. O pardon me most royall King.

Glo. Pardon? to counterfeit my hand and seale?
Hane I bestowed such loue, such countenance?
Such trust on thee, and such authoritie,
To haue my hand and signet counterfet?
To carrie Cozne the food of all the land,
And Lead, which after might annoy the land,
And Hides, whose leather must relieue the land,
To strangers enemies vnto the land:
Didst thou so nereely counterfet my hand?

Ruf. Not I my liege, but Fogge the Atturney.

Glo.

The second part of

Glo. Away with him Louell and Catesbie, go,
Command the Sheriffes of London presently,
To see him drawne, and hangd, and quartered,
Let them not drinke befoze they see him dead.
Hast you againe.

Louell and Catesbie lead out Rufford.

Ruff. Well Floud thou art my death,
I might haue liued & haue scene thee lose thy head.

Sho. Thou hast but iustice for thy crueltie,
Against the guiltlesse soules in miserie,
I aske no fauour if I merit death.

Glo. Crau'st thou no fauour? then I tell thee Floud,
Thou art a traitor breaking our edict,
By succouring that traitrous quean Shoares wife.
And thou shalt die.

Sho. If I haue broke the law.

Glo. If traitor? didst thou not giue her thy purse?
And dost thou not maintaine the deed?

Enter Louell and Catesbie againe.

Sho. I do, if it be death to the relenting heart,
Of a kind husband, wronged by a King,
To pittie his poore weake seduced wife,
Whom all the world must suffer by command,
To pine and perish for the want of food:
If it be treason for her husband then,
In the deare bowels of his former loue,
To burie his owne wrong and her misdeed,
And giue her meat whom he was wont to feede,
Then Shoare must die, for Floud is not my name,
Though once I tooke it to conceale my shame,
Whittie permits not intired Shoare passe by,
And see his once loude wife with famine die.

Glo. Louell & Catesbie, this is Shoare indeed,
Shoare, we confesse that thou hast p'suildege,
And art excepted in our Proclamation,
Because thou art her husband whom it concerns,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And thou maist lawfully relieue thy wife,
Upon condition thou forgive her fault,
Take her againe, and vse her as before,
Hazard new hoznes, how saist thou, wilt thou Shoare?

Sho. If any but your Grace should so vpbraid,
Such rude reproch should roughly be repaid.
Suppose so; treason that she lay condemnde,
Might I not see her till her houre of death,
And yet my selfe no traitor; so; it?

Glo. Thou mightst.

Sh. And why not now? (O pardon me dread lord)
When she hath had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a King did cause her blame,
May I not giue her food to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife?

Glo. Except thou take her home againe to thee,
Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be,
For if thou do, expect what doth belong.

Sho. I neuer can forget so great a wrong.

Glo. Then neuer see her whom thou canst not loue.

Sho. My charitie doth that compassion moue.

Gl. None vs no more, Lowell let Aire be hangde,
Just in the place where he reliend Shoares wife:
Shoare hath his pardon for this first offence.

The name of husband pleads his innocence,
Away with them: Catesbie come you with vs:

Exeunt.

Iockie is led to whipping ouer the stage, speaking some words,
but of no importance. Then is young Aire brought forth
to execution, with the Sheriffe and Officers, Mistris
Shoare weeping, and M. Shoare standing by.

Aire. Good mistris Shoare, grieue me not with your teares,
But let me go in quiet to mine end.

Iane. Alas pooze soule,
Was neuer innocent thus put to death.

Aire.

The second part of

Air. The mores my toy, that I am innocent,
My death is the lesse grieuous, I am so.

Ia. Ah M. Air the time hath bene ere now,
When I haue kneld to Edward on my knees,
And begd for him, that now doth make me beg.
I haue giuen him, when he hath begd of me,
Though he forbids to giue me when I beg,
I haue ere now relieved him and his,
Though he and his denie reliefe to me:
Had I bene enuious then, as Richard now,
I had not staru'd, nor Edwards sons bin murderd,
Nor Richard liu'de to put you now to death.

Air. The more Iane is thy vertue and his sinne.

Sher. Come sir dispatch.

Air. Dispatch say you: dispatch you may it call,
He cannot stay when death dispatcheth all.

Ia. Lord, is my sinne so horrible and grieuous,
That I should now become a murderer?
I haue sau'd the life of many a man condemn'd,
But neuer was the death of man before.
That any man thus for my sake should die,
Afflicts me more then all my miserie.

Air. Iane be content,
I am as much indebted vnto thee,
As vnto nature, I owed thee a life,
When it was forfeit vnto death by law,
Thou begdst it of the king and gau'st it me:
This house of flesh wherein this soule doth dwell,
Is thine, and thou art Landladie of it,
And this poore life a Tenant but at pleasure,
It neuer came to pay the rent till now,
But hath runne in arerage all this while,
And now for vertie shame comes to discharge it,
When death distraines for what is but thy due,
I had not ought thee so much as I doe,
But by thy onely mercie to preserve it,

Until

King Edward the fourth.

Untill I lose it for my charitie.
Thou giu'st me more then euer I can pay,
Then do thy pleasure executioner,
And now farewell kind vertuous mistress Shoare,
In heauen weele meete againe, in earth no more.

Here he is executed.

Ia. Farewel, farewel, thou for thy almes dost die,
And I must end here starue in miserie,
In life my friend, in death ile not forsake thee,
Thou goest to heauen, I hope to ouertake thee.
Sho. O world what art thou? man, euen from his birth
findes nothing else but miserie on earth,
Thou neuer (world) scorn'dst mee so much befoze,
But I (vaine world) do hate thee ten times more.
I am glad I feele approaching death so nic,
World thou hatest mee, I thee vaine world despise.
I pray yee yet good master officers,
Do but this kindnesse to poore wretched soules,
As let vs haue the burfall of our friend,
It is but so much labour saude for you.

She. Where take his body, bury it where you wil,
So it be quickly done out of the way.

Exit Sherife and Officers.

Ia. Whats he that begs the buriall of my friend,
And hath so oftentimes reliued mee?
Ah gentle sir, to comfort my sad woe,
Let mee that good kind man of mercie know.

Sho. Ah Iane, now there is none but thou and I
Loke on mee well, knowest thou thy Ma. Shoare?

Ia. My Husband? then breake and liue no more.

She swounds, and he supports her in his armes.

Sho. Ah my deere Iane, comfort thy heauie soule,
Go not away so soone, a little stay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife may here together die,
Iane. How can I looke vpon my husbands face,

That

The second part of

That thanke my self, and wrought his deep disgrace:

Sho. Iane be content, our woes are now alike,
With one selfe rod thou seest God doth vs strike,
If for thy sinne, Ile pray to heauen for thee,
And if for mine, do thou as much for mee.

Iane. Ah Shoare, if possible thou canst forgive me:

Shoare. Yes Iane, I doe.

Iane. I cannot hope thou wilt:

My faults so great that I cannot expect it.

Sho. I faith I doe, as freely from my soule,
As at Gods hands I hope to be forgiven.

Ia. Then God reward thee, for we now must part,
I feele cold death doth seize vpon my heart.

Sho. And hee is come to mee, here he lies,
I feele him ready to close vpon mine eyes,
Lend mee thy hand to burie this our friend,
And then we both will hasten to our end.

Here they put the bodie of young Aire into a Coffin, and then he
fits downe on the one side of it, and she on the other.

Iane sit thou there, here I my place will haue,
Giue mee thy hand, thus wee embrace our graue,
Ah Iane, he that the depth of woe will see,
Let him but now behold our miserie:
But be content, this is the best of al,
Lower then now we are, wee cannot fall.

Iane. Ah, I am faint, how happie Aire art thou,
Not feeling that which doth afflict vs now:

Sho. Oh happie graue, to vs this comfort giuing,
Here lies two liuing dead, here one dead liuing,
Were for his sake, loe this we doe for thee,
Thou lookste for one, and art possesse of three.

Ia. Oh dying marriage, oh, sweet married death
Thou graue which only shouldst part faithfull friends,
Bringst vs together, and dost ioyne our hands,
Oh liuing death, euen in this dying life,

Pet

King Edward the fourth.

Yet ere I go, once Mathew kisse thy wife.

He kisseth her, and she dies.

S. Ah my sweet Iane, farewel, farewel poore soule,
How tyrant Richard do the worst thou canst,
He doth defie thee, oh vncoustant world,
Here lies a true Anatomie of thee,
A King had all my ioy, that her intoyde,
And by a King againe thee was destroyde:
All ages of my kingly woes shall tell,
Once more inconstant world farewell, farewell.

he dies.

Enter Sir Robert Brackenburie, with two or three
of his seruants.

Bra. Sirs if the King, or else the Duke of Buckingham
Do send for me, I will attend them straight,
But what are these here openly lie dead,
Oh God, the one is mistris Shoare, & this is Floud,
That was my man: the third is master Aire,
Who suffered death for his releasing her,
They shall not thus lie in the open way,
Lend me your hands, and beaue hearts withall,
At mine owne charge Ie giue them burfall.
They beare them thence.

Enter King Richard crowned, Buckingham, Aire of War-
wicke, Louell, Catesbie, Fogge, and attendants.

Richard. Most noble Lords, since it hath pleased you,
Beyond our expectation on your bounties,
To impale my temples with the Diademe.
How farre my quiet thoughts haue euer bene,
From this great maiesticke soueraigntie,
Heauen best can witness: I am your King,
Long may I be so, to deserue your loue,
But I will be a seruant to you all,
Pray God my broken sleepes may giue you rest.

But

The second part of

But onely that my blond doth challenge it,
Being your lawfull Prince by true succession,
I could haue wisht, with all my heart I could,
This maiestie had sitten on the browe
Of any other: so much do I affect a priuate life,
To spend my daies in contemplation.
But since that heauen and you will haue it so,
I take the crowne as meekely at your hands,
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,
As any new borne babe. Thus must thou Richard
Seeme as a saint to men in outward shew, aside.
Being a verie diuell in thy heart:

Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keepe them close from ouerlookers eyes.
Buck. My Soueraigne by the generall consent
Of all the Lords and commons of the land,
I tender to your royall maiestie,
This princely Lady, the Lady Anne of Warwick
Iudged the onely worthiest of your loue,

To be your highnes bride, faire Englands Queen

Rich. My royall Princely Cousin Buckingham,
I see you strue to blesse mee moze and moze,
Your bountie is so large and ample to mee,
You ouerflow my spirits with your great loue,
I willingly accept this vertuous Princesse,
And crowne her Angell beautie with my loue.

Lo. When as the hand of your high parliament,
I giue her here vnto your maiestie.

Rich. Lord Louell I as heartily receiue her,
Welcome faire Queene.

C. And from the Lords & commons of your land
I giue the free and voluntarie oath,
Of their allegiance to your maiesty,
As to their soueraigne and liege Lord and Ladie,
Richard the third, & beauteous Anne his Queene,
The true and lawfull King & Queene of England.

Rich:

King Edward the fourth.

Rich. I doe accept it Catesbie, and returne,
Exchange of mutuall and partie loue.
How Fogge too, that in your traitterous Libels,
Besides the counterfeiting of our hand and seale
For Rufford, though so great a fault deserueth
To suffer death, as hee already hath,
Going about to stubber our renowne,
And wound vs with reproach and infamie,
Yet Fogge that thou thy selfe maist plainly see,
How farre I am from seeking sharp reuenge,
Fogge I forgive thee, and withall wee doe,
Repeale our heauie sentence gainst Shoares wife,
Restoring all her goods, for we intend,
With all the world now to be perfect friends.

Cat. Why my good Lord, you know shes dead already.

R. True Catesbie, else I nere had spoke such words, aside,
Alas I see our kindnesse comes too late,
For Catesbie tels me she is dead already.

Cat. I my good Lord, so is her husband too.

Rich. Would they had liued, to see our friendly change,
But Catesbie say, where did Shoare and his wife?

Cat. Where Aire was hangde for giuing her reliefe,
There both of them round circkling his cold graue,
And arme in arme departed from this life:
The people for the loue they beare to her,
And her kind husband, pittying his wrongs,
For euer after meane to call the ditch,
Shoares Ditch, as in the memoire of them,
Their bodies in the friers minozites,
Are in one graue enterred all together,
But mistris Blage for ingratitude,
To mistris Shoare, lies dead vnburi'd,
And no one will affoord her buriall.

Ric. But mistris Blage she shal haue burial too,
What now we must be friends, indeed we must,
And now my Lords, I giue you all to know,

The second part of

In memorie of our eternall loue,
I do ordeaine an order of the Baile,
Twelue knights in number of that royall sort,
Which order with all princely ceremonies,
Shall be obserued in all royall pompe,
As Edwards our forefather of the Garter,
Which feast our selfe, and our beloued Quene,
Will presently solemnize in our person.

Buc. Now am I bold to put your grace in mind
Of my long suite, and partly your owne promise,
The Carle of Herefords lands.

Rich. Cousin weele better thinke on that hereafter.

Buc. My pains my Lord hath not deseru'de delay.

Ric. Will you appoint our time: then you shall stay,
For this hote hastinesse sir you shall stay,
None is no more you were best.

Buc. I Richard, is it come to this?
In my first suite of all, dost thou denie mee?
Breake thine own word, & turne me off so sleightly,
Richard thou hadst as good haue damnde thy soule,
As basely thus to deale with Buckingham:
Richard sitt vpon thy crumpled shoulder:
I saith I will, if heauen will giue me leaue,
And Harrie Richmond, this hand alone,
Shall fetch thee home, and seat thee in his throne.

Exit.

Rich. What is he gone in heat, why farewell bee,
He is displeas'd, let him be pleas'd againe,
We haue no time to thinke on angrie men:
Come my sweet Quene, let vs go solemnize,
Our knighthoods order in most royall wise.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

